

# Newport Mercury

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## The Mercury.

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THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1878, and is now in its second and thirty-seventh year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, and with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading-matter. State, local and general news, well selected, miscellaneous and valuable farmers and household department. Handling so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

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## Local Matters.

### To Unveil Tablet.

On Labor Day, September 7, there will be unveiled at the Touro Synagogue a marble tablet which has been erected as a memorial to three men whose names are closely associated with the history of Newport and especially with that of the synagogue—Abraham Touro, Judah Touro and Rev. H. P. Mendes. The tablet is appropriately engraved and has been placed upon the wall at the left of the entrance.

The dedicatory exercises will take place about noon on Labor Day and many prominent persons from out of the city will be present to participate. The principal address will be made by Dr. Cyrus Adler, president of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, who is also the president of Jewish Historical Society. Max Levy, president of the Congregation Jeshua Israel, will speak in behalf of the congregation. Mayor Clarke will be present and will make an address and the clergy of Newport will also be represented among the speakers, as well as some prominent men from New York.

The committee of arrangements consists of Edmund Weiss, Stewart Engel, Nathan Ball and Lazar Herz; the entertainment committee of Isaac Levy, Louis Hess, I. G. Josephson and John Engel.

### Board of Aldermen.

At the regular weekly meeting of the board of aldermen on Thursday evening, little else than routine business was transacted. The regular weekly pay rolls and bills were approved.

The commission appointed to consider the widening of Extension street reported that the street could be widened to a uniform width at a cost to the city of about \$2500. Several petitions for reduction of taxes were received, including petitions from C. B. Olney, R. H. Stacy, L. J. Jussens, and Mr. and Mrs. Henry C. Bacheller. A petition for a sewer in the Washington street extension was referred to the street commissioner with directions to build it if there is money available. Several applications for licenses of various kinds were granted, and others were given leave to withdraw.

Box 15 of the Newport fire alarm system has been removed from the Old Colony round house and in its place has been placed box 123. There are now within the enclosure of the repair shops four fire alarm boxes, all of which are numbered alike, No. 15. These are so located as to be easily accessible from any part of the company's property and are private boxes. The box on the round house is now a part of the regular system.

By order of the board of health the spring on the Kay street extension has been closed and those neighbors who had been drawing water from there are no longer able to do so. A sample of water which had been sent to the State Board of Health for analysis had been found to be unfit for drinking purposes and the local board at once took steps to prevent its use.

The fifth annual encampment of the Spanish War Veterans will be held in Boston next week. Rhode Island camps will be all represented. Captain Cascard of this city is prominently mentioned as the National Chaplain. No better selection could be made.

Rear Admiral J. P. Merrill, in command of the Narragansett Bay district, has this week submitted to an operation in New York.

There were 638 passengers on the Boston excursion Thursday—a good number considering the inclemency of the weather.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas P. Peckham, Miss Bertha Peckham and Miss Rita M. Peckham will spend their vacation at Intervale, N. H.

### Summer Storms.

Newport has had more weather during the past few days than the exigencies of the situation really demanded. It has not seemed at all like the last of August but much more like November. The temperature has been down to a record breaking level so that in many cases furnace fires have been built up, not only for the purpose of keeping warm but to help dry out the buildings that have been thoroughly soaked with rain and fog.

The first really severe rain storm of the season came last Saturday and it was sufficiently severe to make up for what we had previously missed. It rained steadily all day but the greatest precipitation was during the afternoon. About five o'clock the rain seemed to come down in solid sheets and as it was high tide at the time the sewers were unable to carry off the extra supply of water that poured down into the streets from the sidewalks. As a consequence in some places the street was filled with water from building to building several inches deep. The greatest flood was on West Main street in front of the depot and here there was a great lake formed. On Washington square the cover of the manhole was forced from its position by the great pressure of water from underneath and a miniature geyser poured up into the air. During the day more than three inches of rain fell, but there was little wind and no particular damage was done.

On Wednesday Newport was visited by another strenuous storm, this time accompanied by a high wind from the northeast. The rain fell steadily with considerable force, effectually interrupting all plans for out-door enjoyment. There was a large excursion here of employees of the United Drug Company and they travelled around in the rain and tried to imagine that they were having a good time.

The northeast storm kicked up a bad sea and shipping was seriously interfered with. There was no communication with Block Island by steamer, not even the little Danielson caring to face the wind and sea. The storm was most severe at Block Island, the wind attaining a maximum velocity of nearly fifty miles, creating a surf that attracted most of the summer visitors to the shore. In the new harbor two yachts got into trouble, the Little Haste and the Edo being forced ashore on the edge of the pond. Although both went hard and fast aground it is not thought that they are seriously damaged.

The storm continued through Thursday forenoon with not much let up, and as a consequence the number of excursionists to arrive by boat and train was small. Block Island was again cut off from steamer communication. During the afternoon the storm abated somewhat and gave those who dared to come to Newport an opportunity to get around.

The storm somehow escaped the notice of the weather bureau and no warning was sent out until after it had reached here. It was known that a storm was raging off the Southern coast but it was not expected to spread out as it did.

### Republican Gathering.

The Republican town and city committees, and the members of the General Assembly, will meet at Field's Point on Friday, September 4th, for a clam bake and hold a conference in regard to the coming campaign in this State. It is expected that there will be one or more speakers present of a national reputation to address the gathering. The dinner will be served at one p. m. The gathering will be a large one and will doubtless be an enthusiastic one.

There is considerable feeling in fishing circles about Newport on account of lawless deeds committed by some persons. Fish traps have been run in by a steamer and the nets badly damaged as well as allowing quantities of fish to escape. In addition, other traps have been apparently deliberately slashed into shreds by knives. Very bitter feeling exists and several arrests have been made on civil and criminal suits.

In the District Court on Friday Judge Franklin imposed a jail sentence on a chauffeur whom he found to be guilty of reckless driving. A fine of \$100 and a sentence of ten days in jail was the penalty handed out to the man who collided with Mrs. Ames at Spring and Green streets a few days ago. An appeal was entered, and a jury trial may be had later.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard D. Langley, who have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Overton O. Langley, on Cotton's Court, return to their home in New York to-morrow.

The next meeting of the Daughters of Liberty will be held in Providence in August, 1909.

### Newporters for West Point.

Three Newport boys, all students at the Rogers High School, attained the highest rank at the competitive examinations for appointment to the Military Academy at West Point, and as a result Congressman Granger has named as principal and alternates these three Newporters. They are Fritz Philip Lindh, Howard A. Gibson and Richmond T. Gibson. Lindh is the principal and the others are the alternates who have been named in case the principal fails to pass the rigid physical and mental examination required before admission.

As soon as it was known that there was to be a vacancy at West Point Congressman Granger announced that the nominees would be chosen by competitive examination. On July 8th the examination was held in Providence by representatives of the Civil Service Commission, and was open to all the young men of the First Congressional District which includes the city of Providence and the entire counties of Bristol and Newport. The marked success of the Newport boys in attaining the three highest places was a revelation to the rest of the State.

### German Cruiser Here.

The German cruiser Freya arrived in Newport Harbor on Saturday last, being piloted into these waters by Captain "Tad" Dodge of Block Island. The customary salutes were fired and visits of courtesy were exchanged with the government stations. The vessel will remain here for several days more probably and in the meantime she is attracting much attention from Newporters and visitors.

The Freya had been in Quebec attending the celebration there and from thence came direct to Newport. Although it was known in naval circles that she was coming this way the news had not been very generally distributed among the public and her arrival caused considerable surprise. The men from the ship who have come ashore on leave have attracted much favorable comment on account of the neat appearance and orderly behavior.

The wedding of Miss Alice M. Grover and Mr. Dudley Davis will take place at Emmanuel Church in this city on Monday. The ushers will be Messrs. Robert Grover, a brother of the bride, Buell Hollister and Frederick F. de Rham of New York; Whitcomb Field, Ray Atherton, and Frank J. Sullaway, of Boston, and Philip S. Hiebhorn, of Washington. Miss Grover's attendants will be her sisters, Miss Caroline, Miss Rose and Miss Anita Grover, and Miss Laura P. Swan. Mr. Davis has selected his brother, Mr. Pierpont Davis, for his best man, but as he is a convalescent from typhoid fever it is uncertain whether he will be strong enough to act in that capacity.

The special conference at the Naval War College to discuss the methods of designing vessels of the battleship class has come to a close and the members have returned to their regular duties. The conference was a notable one, many of the most prominent officers of the navy being engaged therein. President Roosevelt paid a special visit to Newport during the early summer for the purpose of talking matters over with the members of the board and Assistant Secretary Newberry also came here on business connected with the conference. All of the proceedings have been kept secret and it is unlikely that they will leak out. The result however may be judged when new battleships are to be built.

Miss Clara B. Merritt, an employee of the Mercury, and Mr. Fred C. Gurnett, formerly of this city, but now of Rochester, N. Y., were married in Fall River, on Thursday of last week. The wedding was a quiet affair and was known only to the bride's family. Mr. and Mrs. Gurnett left Monday evening for their future home in Rochester and were given a jolly send-off at the boat-landing, plenty of rice and confetti being showered on them.

Rev. James Austin Richards and family will spend the month of September at Brighton, Me. During Mr. Richards' absence Rev. Arthur O. Pritchard of New York, Rev. Frank R. Shipman of Andover, Mass., and Rev. F. LeRoy Brown, of Woodhaven, L. I., will preach at the Congregational Church.

Miss Marguerite King, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank P. King, has returned from a visit to Auburn, R. I. Her sister, Miss Anabel King, who accompanied her, will return home in a few days.

Mrs. Nicholas Longworth, daughter of President Roosevelt, who spent a few days in Newport, guest of Commodore and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, is visiting this week at Oyster Bay, L. I.

Mr. Charles Bickerton of Pawtucket was a visitor here the past week.

### Register of the Treasury.

Hon. William T. Vernon, Register of the United States Treasury at Washington, D. C., will be in Newport on September 3rd, and in the evening will deliver a lecture at Masonic Hall for the benefit of the Mt. Zion A. M. E. Church. This will be an unusual opportunity to hear one of the highest officials of the Treasury Department, who is also an accomplished orator.

Hon. W. T. Vernon, Register of the United States Treasury, was born at Lebanon, Mo., where he attended the school for colored youth until he was prepared to enter Lincoln Institute at Jefferson City, Mo., from which he was graduated. He taught school at Bonne Terre in the same State for several years and afterward became principal of the school at Lebanon, his native town.

After teaching there for several years he was called to the headship of Western University at Quindaro, Kas., about eleven years ago. At the time he went to Quindaro there stood one building and he found there six pupils. By the indefatigable efforts of Mr. Vernon he built the institution up until there are to-day over 300 students, 15 teachers and a plant worth approximately \$300,000.

Gifted with eloquence he has been called upon to participate in State and national campaigns, and has made a profound impression as an orator upon thousands of people of both races who have heard him speak. As a lecturer upon educational topics, or as a pulpit teacher, he has gained great influence with his people all through the nation.

On June 12, 1906, he took the oath of office as Register of the Treasury at Washington. As Register of the Treasury he signed and issued all bonds of the United States, the District of Columbia and the three series of Philippine Island public improvement bonds, and transmits to the Treasurer of the United States the name of every individual, corporation, etc., holding registered bonds and entitled to receive interest thereon. His name is found on all the currency of the United States.

Tickets for the lecture may be obtained at Barney's Music Store, Rogers Music Store, and at H. N. Hazard's grocery.

### Wedding Bells.

#### Wyman-Horton.

Miss Bessie Amelia Horton, daughter of Mr. George B. Horton of Warren, and Mr. Chester L. Wyman, captain of the Newport Artillery Company, were married in Warren Wednesday afternoon. The ceremony, which was performed by Rev. Emory H. Porter, D. D., rector of Emmanuel church, was witnessed by a large gathering of relatives and friends from different places.

The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a dress of ivory silk trimmed with point lace and a long tulle veil. Instead of the bridal bouquet she carried a white Moroccan covered prayer book, the gift of the groom. Dr. Sereno William Woodhull of this city performed the duties of best man. The presents sent to the bride were very handsome.

A reception followed from 3.30 to 6.30, after which Captain and Mrs. Wyman left for Boston on their honeymoon. They will return here and reside at 83 Corne street.

#### McCaughy-Stewart.

Miss Beatrice Stewart, daughter of Mr. William J. H. Stewart of the Newport Reading Room, was married to Mr. Thomas J. McCaughy of Bristol at the home of the bride's father on Van Zandt avenue, Tuesday afternoon, Rev. James Austin Richards, pastor of the Congregational Church, officiating. The bride received many pretty gifts. After receiving congratulations from their relatives and friends Mr. and Mrs. McCaughy left for Boston on a short wedding trip. They will reside in Bristol, the groom being baggage master with the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad Company.

A new bronze tablet to mark the headquarters of Count Rochambeau while in Newport has been prepared and will be erected on the Vernon house on Clark street now occupied by Mr. Harwood E. Read. The tablet is a very handsome one, bearing the portrait of Count Rochambeau in relief. The unveiling will be accompanied by a programme of exercises in which prominent citizens of Newport and elsewhere will take part.

Bids were opened for furnishing coal for the city asylum on Thursday evening, as follows: D. J. Sullivan & Co., \$9.95; Almy Coal Co., \$7.05; Planting & Muschetter, \$7.35; Newport Coal Co., \$7.57.

Cornelius Vanderbilt of New York has instituted a suit for infringement of patent against the American Car & Foundry Co. Three of his patents are involved.

### Gum Company Subscribers.

Mr. Townsend of the Common Sense Gum Company, who has been in Newport for several weeks in connection with the attempt to induce the company to locate its new plant here, has made much progress in securing subscriptions for stock. The indications now point strongly to the fact that enough stock will be subscribed for here to bring the plant to Newport and those who feel that Newport is sadly in need of some industry for the winter months are much encouraged.

It is hoped that those who have been holding back to see who else is going to subscribe will come forward quickly and in order to encourage them to do so it has been decided to publish the list of subscribers thus far. It will be noted that the list is a very representative one, including the names of those in many occupations. Some of them have subscribed for a large block and some for a small amount, but a great many have expressed their willingness to increase their subscriptions as soon as it is settled that the plant can be secured for Newport.

The list of subscribers to date is as follows:

John A. Allan, Ellen J. Arthur, Anna W. H. Almy, Andrew H. Almy, Samuel T. B. Alliman, Harry Aaron, William Alger, David B. Allen, James H. Barker, Daniel O. Boone, Palmer C. Booth, David Booth, Robert W. Booth, Bricklayers, Masons and Plasterers Union, Clark Burdick, Alexander B. Barker, Fred J. Buzzele, Joseph W. Blaine, Robert C. Barry, John D. Burns, George O. Benton, Mrs. O. Benton, J. H. Barney, Jr., John J. Burns, Edith Madden, George Brown, Lampson Brown, James F. Bowditch, O. H. Burgham, Daniel J. Buckley, William A. Buckley, Samuel Burns, William P. Clarke, Michael Connolly, Robert J. Curry, Charles M. Curry, John A. Callahan, George H. Carr, Harry O. Cooke, Lawrence W. Coudray, John D. Curran, Leander K. Carr, Patrick Curran, M. M. Carley, Roscoe A. Couraine, James Collins, D. B. Casabias, Patrick R. Condon, Collins E. Cole, Timothy C. Coppinger, James Croughan, John A. Congdon, James H. Coughlin, Dennison Company, James H. DeBlasi, James Henry Drury, John H. Dunn, James H. Dunn, B. F. Downing, Ed. Michael Duran, Joseph Duran, John H. Duran, James H. Duran, Benjamin Easton, Adam Ehardt, Joseph E. Egan, S. S. Fludder, Daniel B. Feasting, B. G. Farr, John G. Farr, William H. Finn, Benny Gerbellie, Harold F. Gilpin, Charles G. Gilpin, Allen G. Goddard, William Goodman, Walter C. Goffe, Arthur H. Gooding, James H. Gooding, E. S. Holmes, Hees-Lays Company, Joseph H. Hays, Stephen D. Hauler, Charles Hunter, Dr. William R. Howard, William H. Howard, H. E. Harrison, Philip D. Harrington, Antonio Ionta, J. A. Jacobs, H. J. Jones, Arthur P. Jennings, Israel J. Josephson, Ida Josephson, Joseph A. Johnson, Hudson B. Klingman, H. Klassens, Henry A. Kalkman, Joseph A. Kalkman, Simon Koschuy, Mrs. B. Kravetz, Andrew J. Kivlin, Joseph C. Kivlin, Mrs. Fred K. Lawton, A. E. Lamb, Isaac Levy, Dr. F. W. Lander, Jr., Walter B. Langley, Henry H. Lawton, Joseph C. Lawton, Cornelius Leach, H. L. Marsh, John J. Murphy, William H. Murphy, John J. Murphy, James F. Marden, Edward Moran, Stephen H. Mason, W. H. Matthews, William A. Maher, Anthony M. Magdon, William M. Moriarty, M. A. McCormick, Mrs. D. J. McGowan, Helen C. McGowan, Daniel J. McGowan, John Dominic McGowan, Albert E. McGowan, James C. McLaughlin, Jr., Daniel J. McGowan, Newport One-Price Clothing Company, John Nilson, Alexander Nicol, Joseph A. Nunes, Patrick Nolan, William O. O'Hanley, William O. O'Givvie, Peter J. O'Connor, J. B. Parnegian & Son, Howard B. Peckham, W. P. Peckham, Christy Petropoulos, Casimir Pinard, Harold A. Peckham, Arthur H. Peckham, Charles E. Peckham, Neil C. Peterson, Mrs. Gardner R. Reynolds, Joseph R. Reynolds, Otto L. Ruecker, Thomas C. Riley, George W. Ritchie, John H. Ryan, Almy H. Sanborn, John P. Sanborn, A. K. Sherman, Michael J. Sullivan, Edith Smith, W. H. Simon, William Paine Sheffield, Patrick J. Sullivan, Joseph Sweeney, John Sweeney,

Anthony Stewart, Francis M. Simon, William H. Shaw, Jeremiah C. Sizer, J. W. Sampson, James H. Sheffield, William H. Sherman, Jr., Harry E. Smith, Corn G. Sanford, Eugene Schreier, Alfred Schreier, Lawrence J. Sullivan, John Thomas Stebbins, Robert J. Sweeney, Dennis J. Sullivan & Co., Frank L. Sullin, Joshua Stacy, M. F. Sullivan, L. L. Sherman, Middletown, James M. C. Southwick, Lotie H. Tripp, Theophilus Topham, Louis E. Tilley, Seneca E. Tanner, Harry, C. A. Trager, L. N. Vaughan, Imogene Vetrli, Erna Vetrli, C. H. Wrightington, Harry Davis Wood, B. R. Wilson, Jr., George A. Wood, Norman Whitney, W. S. Washburne, Joseph F. Wade, Mrs. Fred E. Williams, Fred E. Williams, S. E. Westall, Harry Zeidman.

### The Tennis Tournament.

In the final round of the National Lawn Tennis Tournament on Friday Beals C. Wright defeated F. B. Alexander in three straight sets, thus giving him the privilege of challenging the defender of the championship cup. This match was scheduled to take place on Saturday.

The tournament has been very seriously interfered with by the weather this week, no matches being played on Wednesday or Thursday. The grounds were in good condition for Friday's match and there was a large crowd to see the final round in this important tournament. The high wind made it a trifle unpleasant at times for the spectators but it was a very good day for the players. Wright won the match quite handily, taking three straight sets from his opponents who was unable to win more than three games in any of the sets.

The score for the week was as follows:

FOURTH ROUND.  
W. J. Clothier defeated J. O. Ames 6-3, 8-6, 6-4.  
N. Emerson defeated C. M. Bull, Jr., 6-4, 4-6, 6-2, 6-3.

FIFTH ROUND.  
J. D. E. Jones defeated R. Stevens 6-1, 6-1, 6-2.  
B. C. Wright defeated C. Hale 6-1, 6-1, 6-1.  
H. Torrance, Jr., defeated R. L. James 6-4, 6-2, 6-3.  
F. J. Sullaway defeated H. C. Martin 1-6, 7-5, 6-0, 6-4.  
C. F. Touchard defeated H. L. Westfall 5-7, 2-6, 7-5, 6-2, 7-5.  
F. I. Alexander defeated D. Mathew 7-5, 6-4, 6-4.  
W. J. Clothier defeated J. M. Church 6-2, 6-2, 6-1.  
H. N. Emerson defeated G. H. Nettleton 6-2, 4-6, 6-2, 6-1.

SIXTH ROUND.  
F. B. Alexander defeated F. J. Sullaway 8-1, 6-3, 6-1.  
W. J. Clothier defeated C. F. Touchard 6-1, 8-6, 6-1.  
N. Emerson defeated J. D. E. Jones 8-6, 10-6, 6-1, 2-6, 9-7.  
B. C. Wright defeated H. Torrance, Jr., 6-3, 6-1, 6-3.

SEMI-FINALS.  
Alexander defeated Clothier, 7-5, 7-5, 6-4.  
Wright defeated Emerson, 6-2, 4-6, 7-5, 6-3.

FINAL.  
B. C. Wright defeated F. B. Alexander, 6-3, 6-2, 6-2.

### A Sail up the Bay.

Aquidneck Chapter, No. 7, O. E. S., will have an outing on the evening of Wednesday, September 2nd, when the members and their friends will enjoy a sail up the river on steamer Sagamore. The boat will leave Long Wharf at 7 p. m. sharp, and a stop will be made at Vaulty Fair for a couple of hours, giving the party an opportunity to enjoy the many attractions at that place. The tickets are 50 cents and can be secured of members of the entertainment committee. Music will be furnished on the boat by the Good's Mandolin Club.

The contract for the new Y. M. C. A. building was placed on Friday to Swallow & Howes, of New York, and work will begin the first of next week.

The concert at the Casino last Sunday evening was one of the most largely attended of the season, there being over 700 persons there.

### Real Estate Sales and Rentals.

A. O'D. Taylor has sold as a permanent Rectory, to the Corporation of old Trinity Church in Newport, the former Joshua Sayer Estate situated on Touro street near Kay street. There is an area of 18,795 square feet around the house, and it is remarkably well suited for the purposes contemplated. The price was twelve thousand dollars.

A. O'D. Taylor has rented on lease to Mrs. Catherine E. Adams, wife of W. F. Adams of the Clifton Home, Mrs. Mary F. Shanahan's unfurnished house at No. 72 John street.

A. O'D. Taylor has sold for the heirs of the late Mr. Louis K. Hopple, the so-called "Garden Lot" of the Hopple estate on Mount Pleasant avenue in Middletown. It contains about one and a half acres, and the purchase is Frederick W. Swayne of the Firm of Wadsworth & Swayne, of New York and Newport.

# THE PORT OF MISSING MEN

By MEREDITH NICHOLSON.

Author of "The House of a Thousand Candles"

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## Chapter XVII

A GENTLEMAN IN HUNG.

MRS. CLAIBORNE excused herself shortly, and Shirley, her father and the ambassador talked to the accompaniment of the shower that drove in great sheets against the house. Shirley was wholly uncomfortable over the turn of affairs. The ambassador would not leave until the storm abated, and meanwhile Armitage must remain where he was. If by any chance he should be discovered in the house, no ordinary excuses would explain away his presence, and as she pondered the matter it was Armitage's plight, his injuries and the dangers that beset him, that was uppermost in her mind. The embarrassment that lay in the air for herself if Armitage should be found concealed in the house troubled her little. Her heart beat wildly as she realized this, and the look in his eyes and the quick pain that twitched his face at the door haunted her.

The two men were talking of the new order of things in Vienna.

"The trouble is," said the ambassador, "that Austria-Hungary is not a nation, but what Metetrich called Italy—a geographical expression. Where there are so many loose ends a strong grasp is necessary to hold them together."

"And a weak hand," suggested Judge Claiborne, "might easily lose or scatter them."

"Precisely. And a man of character and spirit could topple down the card-house tomorrow, pick out what he liked and create for himself a new edifice, and a stronger one. I speak frankly. Van Stroebel is out of the way, the new emperor-king is a weakling, and if he should die tonight or tomorrow—"

The ambassador lifted his hands and snapped his fingers.

"Yes. After him, what?"

"After him his scoundrelly cousin Francis, and then a stranger than Van Stroebel might easily fall to hold the subjects' members of the empire together."

"But there are shadows on the screen," remarked Judge Claiborne. "There was Karl, the mad prince."

"Humph! There was some red blood in him, but he was impossible. He had a taint of democracy, treason, rebellion."

Judge Claiborne laughed. "I don't like the combination of terms. If treason and rebellion are synonyms of democracy, we Americans are in danger."

"No; you are a miracle—that is the only explanation," replied Marbot.

"But a man like Karl—what if he were to reappear in the world? A little democracy might solve your problem."

"No, thank God, he is out of the way! He was sane enough to take himself off and die."

"But his ghost walks. Not a year ago we heard of him, and he had a son who chose his father's exile. What if Charles Louis, who is without heirs, should die and Karl or his son?"

"In the providence of God they are dead. Impostors gain a little brief notoriety by pretending to be the lost Karl or his son Frederick Augustus, but Von Stroebel satisfied himself that Karl was dead. I am quite sure of it. You know dear Stroebel had a genius for gaining information."

"I have heard as much," and Shirley and the baron smiled at Judge Claiborne's tone.

The storm was diminishing, and Shirley grew more tranquil. Soon the ambassador would leave, and she would send Armitage away, but the mention of Stroebel's name rang oddly in her ears, and the curious way in which Armitage and Chauvenet had come into her life awoke new and anxious questions.

"Count von Stroebel was not a democrat, at any rate," she said. "He believed in the divine right and all that."

"So do I, Miss Claiborne. It's all we've got to stand on."

"But suppose a democratic prince were to fall heir to one of the European thrones, insist on giving his crown to the poor and taking his oath in a frock coat, upsetting the old order entirely?"

"He would be a fool, and the people would drag him to the block in a week," declared the baron vigorously.

They pursued the subject in lighter vein a few minutes longer; then the baron rose. Judge Claiborne summoned the waiting carriage from the stable, and the baron drove home.

"I ought to work for an hour on that Danish claims matter," remarked the Judge, glancing toward his curtained den.

"You will do nothing of the kind. Night work is not permitted in the valley."

"Thank you. I hoped you would say that, Shirley. I believe I am tired, and now if you will find a magazine for me I'll go to bed. Ring for Thomas to close the house."

"I have a few notes to write. They'll take only a minute, and I'll write them here."

She heard her father's door close, listened to be quite sure that the house was quiet and threw back the curtains. Armitage stepped out into the library.

"You must go! You must go!" she whispered, with deep tenseness.

"Yes; I must go. You have been kind. You are most generous."

But she went before him to the hall, waited, listened, for one instant; then she saw the outer door and took

him go. The rain dripped heavily from the eaves, and the cool breath of the freshened air was sweet and stimulating. She was immediately relieved to have him out of the house, but he lingered on the veranda, staring helplessly about.

"I shall go home," he said, but so unsteadily that she looked at him quickly. He carried the cloak hung over his shoulder and in readjusting it dropped it to the floor, and she saw in the light of the door lamps that his arm hung limp at his side and the gray cloth of his sleeve was heavy and dark with blood. With a quick gesture she stooped and picked up the cloak.

"Come, come! This is all very dreadful. You must go to a physician at once."

"My man and horse are waiting for me. The injury is nothing." But she threw the cloak over his shoulders and led the way across the veranda and out upon the walk.

"I do not need the doctor; not now. My man will care for me."

He started through the dark toward the outer wall, as though confused, and she went before him toward the side entrance. He was aware of her quick light step, of the soft rustle of her skirts, of a wish to send her back, which his tongue could not voice, but he knew that it was sweet to follow her leading. At the gate he took his bearings with a new assurance and strength.

"It seems that I always appear to you in some miserable fashion. It is preposterous for me to ask forgiveness. To thank you."

"Please say nothing at all, but go. Your enemies must not find you here again. You must leave the valley."

"I have a work to do. But it must not touch your life. Your happiness is too much, too sweet to me."

"You must leave the bungalow. I found out today where you are staying. There is a new danger there. The mountain people think you are a revenue officer. I told one of them—"

"Yes."

"That you are not. That is enough. Now hurry away. You must find your horse and go."

He bent and kissed her hand.

"You trust me. That is the dearest thing in the world." His voice faltered and broke in a sob, for he was worn and weak, and the mystery of the night and the dark, silent garden wore a spell upon him, and his heart leaped at the touch of his lips upon her fingers. Their figures were only

blurs in the dark, and their low tones died instantly, muffled by the night. She opened the gate as he began to promise not to appear before her again in any way to bring her trouble, but her low whisper arrested him.

"Do not let them hurt you again," she said.

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say that I am quite well and equal to ruling over many kingdoms."

"Yes, sir."

And Armitage roared with laughter as the little man, pausing as he buckled a cartridge belt under his coat, bowed, with a fine mockery of reverence.

"If a man were king he could have a devilish fine time of it, Oscar."

"He could review many troops, and they would fire salutes until the powder cost him money."

"You are mighty right, as we say in Montana, and I'll tell you quite confidentially, sergeant, that if I were out of work and money and needed a job the thought of being king might tempt me. These gentlemen who are trying to stick knives into me think highly of my chances. They may force me into the business." And Armitage rose and kicked the flaring knot.

Oscar drew on his gauntlet with a jerk.

"They killed the great prime minister—yes?"

"They undoubtedly did, Oscar."

"He was a good man; he was a very great man," said Oscar slowly and went quickly out and closed the door softly after him.

The life of the two men in the bungalow was established in a definite routine. Oscar was drilled in habits of observation and attention, and he realized without being told that some serious business was afoot. He knew that Armitage's life had been attempted and that the receipt and dispatch of telegrams was a part of whatever errand had brought his master to the Virginia hills. His occupations were wholly to his liking; there was sloshy food to eat; there were horses to tend, and his errands abroad were of the nature of scouting and in keeping with one's dignity who had been a soldier. He rose often at night to look abroad, and sometimes he found Armitage walking the veranda or returning from a tramp through the wood. Armitage spent much time studying papers, and once, the day after Armitage submitted his wounded arm to Oscar's care, he had seemed upon the verge of a confidence.

"To save life, to prevent disaster, to do a little good in the world, to do something for Austria—such things are to the soul's credit, Oscar." And then Armitage's mood changed, and he had begun chaffing in a fashion that was beyond Oscar's comprehension.

The little soldier rode over the hills to Lamar station in the waning spring twilight, asked at the telegraph office for messages, stuffed Armitage's mail into his pockets at the postoffice and turned home as the moonlight poured down the slopes and flooded the valleys.

At the gate of the hunting park grounds he bent forward in the saddle to lift the chain that held it. He urged his horse inside, bent down to refasten it, and as his fingers clutched the iron a man rose in the shadow of the little lodge and clamped him about the middle. The iron chain swung free and rattled against the post, and the horse snorted with fright, then at a word from Oscar was still. There was the barest second of waiting, in which the long arms tightened and the great body of his assailant hung heavily about him; then he dug spurs into the horse's flanks, and the animal leaped forward, with a snort of rage; jumped out of the path and tore away through the woods.

Oscar's whole strength was taxed to hold his seat as the burly figure thumped against the horse's flanks. He had hoped to shake the man off, but the great arms still clamped him. The situation could not last. Oscar took advantage of the moonlight to choose a spot in which to terminate it. He had his bearings now, and as they crossed an opening in the wood he suddenly loosened his grip on the horse and swung himself backward. His assailant, no longer supported, rolled to the ground, with Oscar on top of him, and the freed horse galloped away toward the stable.

A rough and tumble fight now followed. Oscar's lithe, vigorous body writhed in the grasp of his antagonist, now free, now clasped by giant arms. They saw each other's faces plainly in the clear moonlight, and at breathless pauses in the struggle their eyes maintained the state of war. At one instant, when both men lay with arms interlocked, half lying on their thighs, Oscar kissed in the giant's ear:

"You are a Serb. It is an ugly race."

And the Serbian cursed him in a fierce growl.

"We expected you. You are a bad hand with the knife," growled Oscar, and, feeling the bellowslike chest beside him expand as though in preparation for a renewal of the fight, he suddenly wrenched himself free of the Serb's grasp, leaped away a dozen paces to the shelter of a great pine and turned, revolver in hand.

"Throw up your hands!" he yelled.

The Serbian fired without pausing for aim, the shot ringing out sharply through the wood. Then Oscar discharged his revolver three times in quick succession, and while the discharges were still keen on the air he drew quickly back to a clump of underbrush and crept away a dozen yards to watch events. The Serb, with his eyes fixed upon the tree behind which his adversary had sought shelter, grew anxious and thrust his head forward warily.

Then he heard a sound as of some one running through the wood to the left and behind him, but still the man he had grappled on the horse made no sign. It dawned upon him that the three shots fired in front of him had been a signal, and in alarm he turned toward the gate, but a voice near at hand called loudly, "Oscar!" and repeated the name several times.

Behind the Serb the little soldier answered sharply in English:

"All steady, sir!"

The use of a strange tongue added to the Serb's bewilderment, and he fled toward the gate, with Oscar hard after him. Then Armitage suddenly leaped out of the shadows directly in his path and stopped him with a leveled revolver.

"Easy work, Oscar! Take the gentleman's gun and be sure to find his horse."

The task was to Oscar's taste, and he

made quick work of the Serb's pockets.

"Your horse was a good dispatch-bearer. You are all sound, Oscar?"

"Never better, sir. A revolver and two knives." The weapons flashed in the moonlight as he held them up.

"Good! Now start your friend toward the bungalow."

They set off at a quick pace, soon found the rough driveway and trudged along silently, the Serbian between his captors.

When they reached the house, Armitage flung open the door and followed Oscar and the prisoner into the long sitting room.

Armitage lit a pipe at the mantel, readjusted the bandage on his arm and laughed aloud as he looked upon the huge figure of the Serbian standing beside the sober little cavalryman.

"Oscar, there are certainly giants in these days, and we have caught one. You will please see that the cylinder of your revolver is in good order and pre-



The huge figure of the Serbian standing beside the sober little cavalryman.

pare to act as clerk of our court martial. If the prisoner moves, shoot him."

He spoke these last words very deliberately in German, and the Serb's small eyes blinked his comprehension. Armitage sat down on the writing table, with his own revolver and the prisoner's knives and pistol, within reach of his available hand. A smile of amusement played over his face as he scrutinized the big body and its small, bullet-like head.

"He is a large devil," commented Oscar.

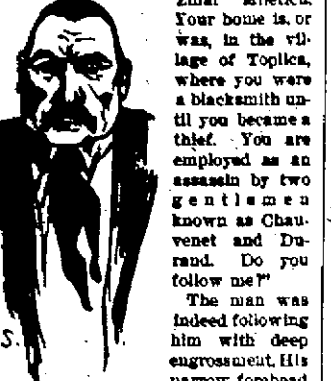
"He is large, certainly," remarked Armitage. "Give him a chair. Now," he said to the man in deliberate German, "I shall say a few things to you which I am very anxious for you to understand. You are a Serb."

The man nodded.

"Your name is Zmal Mitich."

The man shifted his great bulk un- easily in his chair and fastened his lustreless little eyes upon Armitage.

"Your name," repeated Armitage, "is Zmal Mitich. Your home is, or was, in the village of Toplica, where you were a blacksmith until you became a thief. You are employed as an assassin by two gentlemen known as Chauvenet and Du-



His narrow forehead was drawn into minute wrinkles; his small eyes seemed to recede into his head; his great body turned uneasily.

"I ask you again," repeated Armitage, "whether you follow me. There must be no mistake."

Oscar, anxious to take his own part in the conversation, prodded Zmal in the ribs with a pistol barrel, and the big fellow growled and nodded his head.

"There is a house in the outskirts of Vienna where you have been employed at times as gardener and another house in Geneva where you wait for orders. At this latter place it was my great pleasure to smash you in the head with a boiling pot on a certain evening in March."

The man scowled and ejaculated an oath with so much venom that Armitage laughed.

"Your conspirators are engaged upon a succession of murders, and when they have removed the last obstacle they will establish a new emperor-king in Vienna, and you will receive a substantial reward for what you have done."

The blood suffused the man's dark face, and he half rose, a great roar of angry denial breaking from him.

"That will do. You tried to kill me on the King Edward, you tried your knife on me again down there in Judge Claiborne's garden, and you came up here tonight with a plan to kill my man and then take your time to me. Give me the mail, Oscar."

He opened the letters which Oscar had brought and scanned several that bore a Paris postmark, and when he had pondered their contents a moment he laughed and jumped from his table. He brought a portfolio from his bedroom and sat down to write.

"Don't shoot the gentleman as long as he is quiet. You may even give him a glass of whisky to soothe his feelings."

Armitage wrote:

Monsieur—Your Assassin is a clumsy fellow, and you will do well to send him back to the blacksmith shop at Toplica. I learn that M. Du-

rand, distressed by the delay in affairs in America, will soon join you—is even now aboard the Tacoma, bound for New York. I am profoundly grateful for this, dear monsieur, as it gives me an opportunity to conclude our interesting business in republican territory without prejudice to any of the parties chiefly concerned.

You are a clever and daring rogue, yet at times you strike me as immensely dull, monsieur. Fonder that should seem expedient for me to establish my identity—which I am sure interests you greatly—before Baron von Marhof and we will add, the American secretary of state, be quite sure that I shall not do so until I have taken precautions against your departure in any unseemly haste. I myself, dear friend, am not without a certain facility in setting traps.

Armitage threw down the pen and read what he had written with care. Then he wrote as signature the initials F. A., inclosed the note in an envelope and addressed it, powdered again, laughed and slapped his knee and went into his room, where he rummaged about until he found a small seal beautifully wrought in bronze and a bit of wax. Returning to the table, he lighted a candle and deftly sealed the letter. He held the red seal on the back of the envelope to the lamp and examined it with interest. The lines of the seal were deep cut, and the impression was perfectly distinct of F. A. in English script, linked together by the bar of the F.

"Oscar, what do you recommend that we do with the prisoner?"

"He should be tied to a tree and shot, or perhaps it would be better to hang him to the rafters in the kitchen. Yet he is heavy and might pull down the roof."

"You are a bloodthirsty wretch, and there is no mercy in you. Private executions are not allowed in this country. You would have us before a Virginia grand jury and our own necks stretched. No; we shall send him back to his master."

"It is a mistake. If your excellency would go away for an hour he should never know where the buzzards found this large carcass."

"Tush! I would not trust his valuable life to you. Get up!" he commanded, and Oscar jerked Zmal to his feet.

"You deserve nothing at my hands, but I need a discreet messenger, and you shall not die tonight, as my worthy adjutant recommends. Tomorrow night, however, or the following night—or any other old night, as we say in America—if you show yourself in these hills my chief of staff shall have his way with you—buzzard meat!"

"The orders are understood," said Oscar, thrusting the revolver into the giant's ribs.

"Now, Zmal, blacksmith of Toplica and assassin at large, here is a letter for M. Chauvenet. It is still early. When you have delivered it bring me back the envelope with monsieur's receipt written right here under the seal. Do you understand?"

It has begun to dawn upon Zmal that his life was not in immediate danger, and the light of intelligence kindled again in his strange little eyes. Lest he might not fully grasp the errand with which Armitage intrusted him Oscar repeated what Armitage had said in somewhat coarser terms.

Again through the moonlight strode the three—out of Armitage's land to the valley road and to the same point to which Shirley Claiborne had only a few days before been escorted by the mountaineer.

There they sent the Serbian forward to the Springs, and Armitage went home, leaving Oscar to wait for the return of the receipt.

It was after midnight when Oscar placed it in Armitage's hands at the bungalow.

"Oscar, it would be a dreadful thing to kill a man," Armitage declared, holding the empty envelope to the light and reading the line scrawled beneath the unbroken wax. It was in French: "You are young to die, monsieur."

"A man more or less." And Oscar shrugged his shoulders.

"You are not a good churchman. It is a grievous sin to do murder."

"One may repent. It is so written. The people of your house are Catholics also."

"That is quite true, though I may seem to forget it. Our work will be done soon, please God, and we shall ask the blessed sacrament somewhere in these hills."

Oscar crossed himself and fell to cleaning his rifle.

Chapter XIX

CAPTAIN CLAIBORNE ON DUTY.

IN some mystification Captain Richard Claiborne packed a suit case in his quarters at Fort Myer.

Being a soldier, he obeyed orders; but, being a man, he was also possessed of a degree of curiosity. He did not know just the series of incidents and conferences that preceded his summons to Washington, but they may be summarized thus:

Baron von Marhof was a cautious man. When the young gentlemen of his legation spoke to him in awed whispers of a cigarette case bearing an extraordinary device that had been seen in Washington he laughed them away; then, possessing a curious and thorough mind, he read all the press clippings relating to the false Baron von Kiesel and studied the heraldic emblems of the Schomburgs. As he pondered he regretted the death of his eminent brother-in-law, Count Ferdinand von Stroebel, who was not a man to stumbe over so negligible a trifle as a cigarette case. But Von Marhof himself was not without resources. He told the gentlemen of his suit that he had satisfied himself that there was nothing in the Armitage mystery; then he called Vienna discreetly for a few days and finally consulted Hilton Claiborne, the embassy's counsel, at the Claiborne house at Storm Springs.

They had both gone hurriedly to Washington, where they held a long conference with the secretary of state. Then the state department called the war department by telephone, and quickly down the line to the commanding officer at Fort Myer went a special assignment for Captain Claiborne to report to the secretary of state. A great deal of perfectly sound and tape was reduced to minute particles in these manipulations; it was also of a private and wholly confidential character. Therefore he returned to his cottage at Storm Springs, and the Washington papers stated that he was ill.

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## A CLEVER ILLUSTRATION

WITH CONCLUSIVE PROOF.

There is an old formula in philosophy which says that no two things can occupy the same place at the same time. As a simple illustration, drive a nail into a board and you will find with every stroke of the hammer, the nail will force aside the particles of wood into which it is being driven, finally making a place for itself, and proving that the nail and the wood do not occupy the same place at the same time.

**DISEASES OF THE KIDNEYS AND BLADDER** and Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy cannot occupy the same place at the same time. If you are troubled with frequent pain in the back; if your urine stains linen; if you urinate frequently during the night, and a burning pain accompanies the passage, your kidneys and bladder are in bad shape and should be treated at once.

Every dose of **DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY** slowly but surely pushes aside some of the particles of the diseased condition of the kidneys and bladder, urine, blood, rheumatism, dyspepsia and constipation, until they completely disappear. Do not lose faith or find fault, if you are not entirely cured by one bottle, because if these diseases have fastened their grip on you the longer and harder it is to drive them away.

Druggists sell it in 50¢ and \$1.00 bottles.

Sample bottles—without cost, from by mail.

Dr. David Kennedy's Remedy is sold by all Druggists or by mail from the Druggist.

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## THE PORT OF MISSING MEN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1.

and had gone back to Virginia to take the waters.

The Claiborne house was the pleasantest place in Storm valley and the library a comfortable place for a conference. Dick Claiborne caught the gravity of the older men as they unfolded to him the task for which they had asked his services. The baron stated the case in these words:

"You know and have talked with this man Armitage; you saw the device on the cigarette case and asked an explanation, which he refused, and you know also Chauvenet, whom we suspect of complicity with the conspirators at home. Armitage is not the false Baron von Kiesel. We have established that from Senator Sanderson beyond question. But Sanderson's knowledge of the man is of comparatively recent date, going back about five years to the time Armitage purchased his Montana ranch. Whoever Armitage may be, he pays his bills; he conducts himself like a gentleman; he travels at will, and people who meet him say a good word for him."

"He is an agreeable man and remarkably well posted in European politics," said Judge Claiborne. "I talked with him a number of times on the King Edward and must say that I liked him."

"Chauvenet evidently knows him. There was undoubtedly something back of that little trick at my supper party at the Army and Navy," said Dick.

"It might be explained," began the baron; then he paused and looked from father to son. "Pardon me, but they both manifest some interest in Miss Claiborne."

"We met them abroad," said Dick. "and they both turned up again in Washington."

"One of them is here, or has been here in the valley—why not the other?" asked Judge Claiborne.

"But of course Shirley knows nothing of Armitage's whereabouts," Dick protested.

"Certainly not," declared his father. "How did you make Armitage's acquaintance?" asked the ambassador. "Some one must have been responsible for introducing him, if you can remember."

Dick laughed. "It was in the Monte Rosa at Geneva. Shirley and I had been chaffing each other about the persistence with which Armitage seemed to follow us. He was taking dinner at the same hour, and he passed us going out. Old Arthur Singleton—the ubiquitous—was talking to us, and he called Armitage with his customary zeal and introduced him to us in quite the usual American fashion. Later I asked Singleton who he was, and he knew nothing about him. Then Armitage turned up on the steamer, where he made himself most agreeable. Next, Senator Sanderson vouched for him as one of his Montana constituents. You know the rest of the story. I swallowed him whole. He called at our house on several occasions and came to the post, and I asked him to my supper for the Spanish attack."

"And now, Dick, we want you to find him and get him into a room with ourselves, where we can ask him some questions," declared Judge Claiborne. They discussed the matter in detail. It was agreed that Dick should remain at the Springs for a few days to watch Chauvenet; then if he got no clew to Armitage's whereabouts he was to go to Montana to see if anything could be learned there.

"We must find him. There must be no mistake about it," said the ambassador to Judge Claiborne when they were alone. "They are almost panic-stricken in Vienna. What with the match burning close to the powder in Hungary and clever heads plotting in Vienna this American end of the game has dangerous possibilities."

"And when we have young Armitage," the Judge began.

"Then we shall know the truth."

"But suppose—suppose"—and Judge Claiborne glanced at the door—"suppose Charles Louis, emperor-king of Austria-Hungary, should die—tomorrow."

"We will assume nothing of the kind," ejaculated the ambassador sharply. "It is impossible." Then to Captain Claiborne: "You must pardon me if I do not explain further. I wish to find Armitage. It is of the greatest importance. It would not aid you if I told you why I must see and talk with him."

And as though to escape from the thing of which his counsel had hinted Baron von Marhof took his departure at once.

Shirley met her brother on the veranda. His arrival had been unheralded, and she was frankly astonished to see him.

"Well, Captain Claiborne, you are a man of mystery. You will undoubtedly be court-martialed for deserting—and after a long leave too."

"I am on duty. Don't forget that you are the daughter of a diplomat."

"Humph! It doesn't follow necessarily that I should be stupid."

"You couldn't be that, Shirley, dear."

"Thank you, captain."

They discussed family matters for a few minutes; then she said, with elaborate irrelevance:

"Well, we must hope that your appearance will cause no battles to be fought in our garden. There was enough fighting about here in old times."

"Take heart, little sister. I shall protect you. Oh, it's rather decent of Armitage to have kept away from you, Shirley, after all that fuss about the bogus baron."

"Which he wasn't!"

"Well, Sanderson says he couldn't have been, and the rogues' gallery pictures don't resemble our friend at all."

"Oh, don't speak of it!" And Shirley shrugged her shoulders. She suffered her eyes to climb the slopes of the far hills. Then she looked steadily at her brother and laughed.

"What do you and father and Baron von Marhof want with Mr. John Armitage?" she asked.

"Guess again!" exclaimed Dick berisily. "Has that been the undercurrent of your conversation? As I may have said before in this connection, you disappoint me, Shirley. You seem

unable to forget that fellow."

He paused, grew very serious and bent forward in his wicker chair.

"Have you seen John Armitage since I saw him?"

"Impertinent! How dare you?"

"But, Shirley, the question is fair?"

"Is it, Richard?"

"And I want you to answer me."

"That's different."

He rose and took several steps toward her. She stood against the railing, with her hands behind her back.

"Shirley, you are the finest girl in the world, but you wouldn't do this!"

"This what, Dick?"

"You know what I mean. I ask you again—have you or have you not seen Armitage since you came to the Springs?"

He spoke impatiently, his eyes upon hers. A wave of color swept her face, and then her anger passed, and she was her usual good natured self.

"Baron von Marhof is a charming old gentleman, isn't he?"

"He's a regular old brick," declared Dick solemnly.

"It's a great privilege for a young man like you to know him, Dick, and to have private talks with him and the governor about subjects of deep importance. The governor is a good deal of a man himself."

"I am proud to be his son," declared Dick, meeting Shirley's eyes unflinchingly.

Shirley was silent for a moment, while Dick whistled a few bars from the latest waltz.

"A captain—a mere captain of the line—is not often plucked out of his post when in good health and standing—after a long leave for foreign travel—and sent away to visit his parents and help entertain a distinguished ambassador."

"Thanks for the 'mere captain,' dear. You needn't rub it in."

"I wouldn't. But you are fair game—for your sister only. And you're better known than you were before that little supper for the Spanish attack. It rather directed attention to you, didn't it, Dick?"

Dick colored.

"It certainly did."

"And if you should meet M. Chauvenet, who caused the trouble?"

"I have every intention of meeting him."

"Oh!"

"Of course I shall meet him—some time, somewhere. He's at the Springs, isn't he?"

"Am I a hotel register that I should know? I haven't seen him for several days."

"What I should like to see," said Dick, "is a meeting between Armitage and Chauvenet. That would really be entertaining. No doubt Chauvenet could whip your mysterious suitor."

He looked away, with an air of unconcern, at the deepening shadows on the mountains.

"Dear Dick, I am quite sure that if you have been chosen out of all the United States army to find Mr. John Armitage you will succeed without any help from me."

"That doesn't answer my question. You don't know what you are doing. What if father knew that you were seeing this adventurer?"

"Oh, of course; if you should tell father! I haven't said that I had seen Mr. Armitage, and you haven't exactly told me that you have a warrant for his arrest. So we are quits, captain. You had better look in at the hotel dance tonight. There are girls there and to spare."

"When I see Mr. Armitage?"

"You seem hopeful, captain. He may be on the high seas."

"I shall find him there—or here?"

"Good luck to you, captain!"

There was the least flash of antagonism in the glance that passed between them, and Captain Claiborne clasped his hands together impatiently and went into the house.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## WHEN FIRE BREAKS OUT.

Keep Cool and Remember and Follow These Instructions.

In case of fire, if the burning articles are at once splashed and sprayed with a solution of salt and nitrate of ammonia an incombustible coating is formed. This is a preparation which can be made at home at a trifling cost and should be kept on hand. Dissolve twenty pounds of common salt and ten pounds of nitrate of ammonia in seven gallons of water. Pour this into quart bottles of thin glass and fix grenades are at hand ready for use. These bottles must be tightly corked and sealed to prevent evaporation, and in case of fire they must be thrown near the flames, so as to break and liberate the gas contained. At least two dozen of these bottles should be ready for an emergency.

In this connection it is well to remember that water on burning oil scatters the flames, but that flour will extinguish it. Salt thrown upon a fire if the chimney is burning will help to deaden the blaze. If a fire once gets under headway and prompt exit becomes a necessity, a silk handkerchief, dipped in water and wrapped about the mouth and nostrils will prevent suffocation from smoke; failing this, a piece of wet blanket will answer.

Should smoke fill the room, recall your physics—remember that smoke goes first to the top of the room and last to the floor. Wrap a blanket or woollen garment about you, with the wet cloth over your face, drop on your hands and knees and crawl to the window. Bear in mind that there is no more danger in getting down from a three story window than from the first floor if you keep a firm hold of the rope or ladder. Do not slide, but go hand over hand.—New York Tribune.

A Naughty Reply.

A story about William Pitt I read or heard somewhere many years ago represented a noble mediocrity as answering the great statesman with some condescension that he might fairly expect an earldom for his magnificent services.

"I am sorry," was the naughty reply. "I make do."

## PUBLIC LAWS, PASSED AT THE JANUARY SESSION, 1903.

[The Chapters of the Public Laws are numbered continuously from the General Laws, Revision of 1886.]

CHAPTER 130.

AN ACT Making an Appropriation For the Aid of the Rhode Island Humane Education Society.

(Passed April 11, 1903.)

It is enacted by the General Assembly as follows:

Section 1. The sum of fifteen hundred dollars is hereby annually appropriated out of any money in the treasury not otherwise appropriated, to the Rhode Island Humane Education Society, for the purpose of promoting the development of humane sentiment and the dissemination of facts concerning the same.

Sec. 2. The state auditor is hereby authorized and directed to draw his order upon the general treasurer, in favor of the treasurer of said society for said sum of fifteen hundred dollars, in equal quarterly payments on the first day of April, July, October and January, annually.

Sec. 3. This act shall take effect upon its passage.

CHAPTER 131.

AN ACT in Amendment of Chapter 32 of the Public Laws, Entitled "An Act to Establish a Board of Commissioners For the Promotion of Uniformity of Legislation in the United States."

(Passed April 16, 1903.)

It is enacted by the General Assembly as follows:

Section 1. Section 4 of Chapter 32 of the Public Laws is hereby amended so as to read as follows:

"Sec. 4. No member of said board shall receive any compensation for his services, but the board may annually draw a sum not exceeding five hundred dollars for actual traveling and other necessary expenses incurred by its members in the discharge of their official duty and for printing and clerical expenses incurred by the conference of commissioners from the several states in the prosecution of their work the vouchers therefor to be audited by the said board and by the state auditor; and said board shall keep a full account of its expenditures."

Sec. 2. This act shall take effect upon its passage.

CHAPTER 132.

AN ACT in Amendment of Section 8 of Chapter 24 of the General Laws, "Of Salaries and Clerical Assistance."

(Passed April 16, 1903.)

It is enacted by the General Assembly as follows:

Section 1. Section 8 of Chapter 24 of the General Laws, "Of salaries and clerical assistance," as amended by Chapter 143 of the Public Laws, is hereby amended so as to read as follows:

"The state auditor is hereby authorized and empowered to employ such clerical assistance as he may require in the discharge of his duties as auditor general, at an expense not exceeding eighteen hundred dollars annually; and the state auditor is hereby directed to draw his orders upon the general treasurer in payment for such assistance out of any money in the treasury not otherwise appropriated, upon vouchers approved by the auditor general."

Sec. 2. This act shall take effect upon its passage.

CHAPTER 133.

AN ACT Concerning Forcible Entry and Detainer.

(Passed April 21, 1903.)

It is enacted by the General Assembly as follows:

Section 1. Whenever complaint shall be made in writing and under oath of the complainant, or of someone in his behalf, to a justice of the superior court, that any person has made unlawful and forcible entry into lands or tenements, and with a strong hand detains the same, or that he has made unlawful and forcible entry into lands or tenements, and with a strong hand detains the same, such justice shall make out his warrant under his hand and seal, directed to the sheriff of the county in which such lands or tenements lie, or to his deputy, commanding him in behalf of the state to cause to come before the superior court, at such time and place as he shall appoint within such county, twelve good and lawful men of the same county, which warrant shall be in the following form, to wit:

THE STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS.

(Seal) Sec. To the sheriff of the county of \_\_\_\_\_ or to his deputy, Greeting:

Whereas complaint is made to me, the subscriber, by \_\_\_\_\_ of \_\_\_\_\_ upon the \_\_\_\_\_ day of \_\_\_\_\_ at \_\_\_\_\_ with force and arms and with a strong hand did unlawfully and forcibly enter into and upon a tract of land of him the said \_\_\_\_\_ in \_\_\_\_\_

containing \_\_\_\_\_ acres, bounded as follows: \_\_\_\_\_ of him the said \_\_\_\_\_ to \_\_\_\_\_ of him the said \_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_\_ of him the said \_\_\_\_\_ with force and a strong hand as aforesaid did expel and unlawfully put out of possession of the same (or, as the case may be, that having lawful and peaceable entry, or peaceable entry, such person unlawfully and with force holds and detains him the said \_\_\_\_\_ of the same), you are hereby commanded in behalf of the state to cause to come before our superior court, upon the \_\_\_\_\_ day of \_\_\_\_\_ at \_\_\_\_\_ in the county of \_\_\_\_\_ twelve good and lawful men of your county to be impeached and sworn, to inquire into the forcible entry and detainer (or, forcible detainer, as the case may be), as aforesaid, and to return their verdict and seal the day of \_\_\_\_\_ in the year \_\_\_\_\_

Justice of the superior court.

Sec. 2. Such justice shall also make out his summons to the party complained against in form following, to wit:

THE STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS.

(Seal) Sec. To the sheriff of our county of \_\_\_\_\_ or to his deputy, Greeting:

We command you that you summon \_\_\_\_\_ to appear before our superior court at \_\_\_\_\_ on the \_\_\_\_\_ day of \_\_\_\_\_ at \_\_\_\_\_ o'clock in the \_\_\_\_\_ noon, then and there to answer to and defend against the complaint of \_\_\_\_\_ there exhibited; wherein said \_\_\_\_\_ complains that (here recite the complaint); and you are to return the return of this writ with your doings thereon into our said court upon or before the said day.





## FARMERS GET GOOD ADVICE

They Are Asked to Make Country Life More Attractive

### PRESIDENT READY TO HELP

Welcomes Every Agency That Tends to Development—Farmer Should Economize on Himself, but Not on His Wife—Goodness of Heart the Next Most Desirable Quality to Hardness of Heart in Parents

Jordanville, N. Y., Aug. 27.—With a ceremony in which the President of the United States took a prominent part, the Jordanville public library was presented to the people of this community, the donors being Douglas Robinson, Mrs. Robinson and Harriet D. Williams. Mr. Robinson's sister, who had erected it in memory of Robinson's father and mother, Douglas and Fannie Robinson.

President Roosevelt, personally interested in the dedication, his sister, Mrs. Douglas Robinson, being one of the donors, honored the occasion with his presence, and although he had originally contemplated talking but briefly, pleased his audience by making an address of some length.

After going at some length into the history of the family that was making a gift of the library to the town, the president said in part:

"The value of a gift depends entirely upon what you make of it. You have got to use it rightly. That is all that any husband can do for his wife, to give her a chance and if she will herself to take advantage of it. We have a right to be proud of the great progress our country is making in the way of population, material development, etc., but it is not satisfactory to think that the great cities have gone ahead so much faster than the country districts. I am glad to see the cities grow, but not at the expense of the country. Their tendency to grow is but because of the opportunity they present to make great fortunes, but because of their tendency to be more interesting and attractive to themselves.

"I hope in the course of a few decades to see the farmers bend their energies toward making life in the country more interesting and more attractive and including our people to understand how really attractive our country life is at present. I have done what I could to develop free rural mail delivery. I want to see the telephone and the bicycle have been developed. I welcome the development of every agency that tends to increase the attractiveness of country life and develop the social side of it. I believe that more and more buildings like this could be used to advantage not only because of the books, but because it can be used as a place for social meetings, and while you boys and girls can meet there for social improvement it will be a place, I hope, where mothers will meet also. If I have got to choose any whom I would put ahead of the Grand Army men here, it would be the mothers.

"The hardest worked individual on the farm," said Mr. Roosevelt, "is apt to be the mother or wife of the farmer. If you don't applaud that you ought to. I believe in the farmer economizing, but on himself, not his wife. I am dead right on that. If you have got to drop some one drop one hired man rather than the hired girl. I want to see buildings like this one used for mother's meetings. It gives the women a chance to meet each other socially and it puts them in better trim for work.

"Now and then you will hear the wise father, or one who thinks he is wise, dwell upon the fact that his boy is smart. If he means to be able, quick and to be trusted, then all right, but if by smartness is meant, as is too often the case, the kind of ability that is just off the line of honesty, then you should teach him that he is growing up to be an enemy of the republic.

"I'm with you to the limit in trying to put a stop to the recalcitrance of the big man. Recalcitrance in the great and the small is to be frowned upon to this republic. Distrust equally the man who never sees dishonesty in the big man and the one who sees it only in the big man.

"Fathers need the most preaching, yet frequently the mothers who have had hard lives take the unwise course in attempting to benefit their daughters and sons by bringing them up free from hard knocks. Next to the hardness of heart the next least desirable quality is goodness of heart, and the mother or father should not try to bring up their child in that way. You don't get the right stuff out of those children for the next war or you don't get decent citizens when there isn't any war. Bring them up to work, so that they shall recognize that an obstacle is not something to be shirked, but to be overcome.

"If there is one thing the farmer has the advantage of it is in the matter of fresh air. If you have your bedroom too stuffy you then get rid of that advantage. If your rooms are hermetically sealed and then if any air gets in and you catch cold you are no better off than if you were a dweller in a tenement. Such homely problems as these I cannot discuss, but I can suggest them to you for your discussion."

### Strike of Heelmakers

Spencer, Mass., Aug. 28.—Fifty girl heelmakers of the Isaac Proulx & Co. shoe factory walked out when their demand for an increase of 5 cents a hundred for making heels was refused. One of the firm said that heels can be bought outside cheaper than the factory can make them, and the department may be closed.

### MULAI HAFID IS SULTAN

Fall of Abd-el-Aziz Due to the Treachery of Tribesmen

Tangier, Aug. 24.—The defeat of Sultan Abd-el-Aziz by the forces of his brother, Mulai Hafid, has been confirmed. The sultan of record was surprised on the night of Aug. 19 and most of his troops deserted to the side of the usurper, after the firing of a few shots. The defeat of Abd-el-Aziz was due largely to the betrayal of his own tribesmen.

Mulai Hafid has been proclaimed Sultan of Morocco at Tangier and announcement of the proclamation has been telegraphed to all parts of the country. All the officials who previously have been under the rule of Abd-el-Aziz in this city declare that they have accepted Mulai Hafid as their leader, thereby making him supreme in all the large cities of Morocco.

Details of the battle show that Abd-el-Aziz had an army numerically the superior of the enemy, but that his army either failed to work or was deliberately tampered with. Some of the guns exploded, throwing the tribesmen into a panic. The vast majority of those seized the opportunity to flee during the excitement and general pillage broke out, many of the tribes working to carry off as much booty as possible.

Abd-el-Aziz and his escort retreated in a westerly manner to Zolat, his army, scattered in all directions, being pursued by the victorious troops of Mulai Hafid. It is said that the former sultan will proceed to Casablanca, and that he intends to go to Damascus.

## FARRAGUT'S MEMORY IS HONORED

Dedication of Tablet to Fearless and Faithful Sea Hero

Portsmouth, N. H., Aug. 27.—Some three thousand shipmates, relatives, friends and admirers of Admiral Farragut, paid a glowing tribute to the memory of the hero of many battles of the sea when they unveiled and dedicated a memorial tablet in the Portsmouth navy yard. The commodant's home at the navy yard, where the famous fighter died, was the scene of the exercises and Admiral Dewey, who served with Farragut, after a few extemporaneous words, lifted the covering from the tablet.

The tablet read: "Died in this house Aug. 14, 1870—David Glasgow Farragut, admiral in the United States navy. Faithful and fearless." In the corners were the United States seal and the anchor of the United States navy.

Slowly and solemnly the naval band chanted a hymn. Then with a roar the navy yard battery told of the unveiling. Former Assistant Secretary of the Navy Hackett was the speaker of the afternoon. There were 200 specially invited guests, men who knew and served with the admiral.

### Was Well Known on Stage

Boston, Aug. 28.—Margaret Daly Vokes, aged 35, died at her summer home in Lynnfield last night after a long illness of tuberculosis. She was the wife of Harry Vokes and was one of the famous Daly family, long prominent in theatrical affairs. Mrs. Vokes' best known parts were those in which she depicted the "tough" girl and the "country" girl and her specialty was dancing. Mrs. Vokes was born in Rensselaer and was married fifteen years ago. She had no children.

### Laid in Meadow For Months

Bangor, Me., Aug. 28.—The skeleton of Guy Ames, aged 18, who was drowned last winter while skating on Unity pond, in Unity, was found yesterday in a meadow bordering the pond. It is supposed that the body was carried upon the meadow by the freshet last spring. Identification was made by the skates, watch and ring which the youth wore. The deceased was the son of James N. Ames, prohibition candidate for governor of Maine.

### Bull Charged Express Train

Kington, N. Y., Aug. 28.—When an express train approached a giant bull standing on the tracks near this city the bull lowered his head and charged. The impact with the cowcatcher threw the bull to the top of an embankment, but the animal struggled back to the tracks to continue the battle and fell under a parlor car, derailing it. No one was injured. The bull was torn to pieces.

### New Place For Wade Ellis

Washington, Aug. 27.—Wade Ellis, now attorney general of Ohio, has been tendered by the president and has accepted the position of assistant to the attorney general, recently held by Milton D. Purdy. Ellis will assume the duties of his new position as soon as the business of his present office, which will require his attention for some weeks, will permit.

### General Strike of Tailors

New York, Aug. 27.—The response which Brooklyn tailors, to the number of about 3000, made to the declarations of the contractors that they would not yield to the demands of the men for an increase in wages, was to go on a general strike. Sixty-five shops thus were compelled either to curtail or entirely suspend operations.

### Cigaret Smokers Not Wanted

Little Rock, Aug. 27.—Superintendent Eastley of the Arkansas division of the Rock Island railroad has issued a bulletin notifying all employees that cigarette smoking will not be permitted and that the violators will be discharged.

### Banner of Revolt Raised in Persia

Teheran, Aug. 28.—The latest news that has arrived here confirms the report that the revolution is in full swing in the western and southern parts of Persia. The government officials are falling into the hands of the insurgents everywhere, and a large number of soldiers have been killed.

## KERN ACCEPTS NOMINATION

Large Crowd Present at the Notification Ceremonies

### BRYAN'S ADDRESS A FEATURE

Candidate For Vice President Denounces What He Claims Is Excessive Power in Hands of Speakers

Declares That People Are Ignored, Inasmuch as Their Will is Overruled by Congress

Indianapolis, Aug. 26.—John Worth Kern, Democratic candidate for vice president, was notified formally of his nomination by the national convention at Denver and accepted the honor in a speech delivered to 15,000 people in the Coliseum at the State Fair grounds. The notification speech was made by Theodore E. Bell of California. William J. Bryan was present and spoke at length on the subject of trusts, declaring that free trade in imports would be a partial remedy for existing evils. He believed a license system would be easily enforced, and said it would not infringe on the rights of states. Attention was called to many demands of the Democratic party.

The day was ideal. Crowds lined the streets and Bryan was greeted with a continuous wave of applause as he passed. At the Coliseum the speakers, especially Bryan and Kern, were given enthusiastic ovations. The Bryan demonstration lasting several minutes, during which men stood and threw their hats in the air in their effort to express their welcome.

Mr. Kern in his speech of acceptance devoted some time to the question, "Small the people rule?" He deprecated what he claimed is excessive power in the hands of the speaker of the house of representatives and denied that the people have ruled, because he said their will had not been given effect. He cited the demand for a reduction in the tariff on white paper and wood pulp and the failure of the Babcock tariff bill of 1902.

Mr. Kern charged that there is a power within the Republican party determined that the people shall not rule, which power has manifested itself wherever effort has been made to check the destructive work of unlawful combination, reduce the tariff or equalize burdens by legislation. The Democratic party, he said, would draw a sharp line between lawful business lawfully conducted and unlawful business.

### Highwayman Probably Safe

Livingston, Mont., Aug. 26.—Soldiers and scouts are still searching for the bandit who on Monday held up sixteen stages in Yellowstone National Park and robbed many travelers of \$10,000 in cash, securities and jewels. The chances for his escape are good. The start that the bandit gained while the coaches were making the drive of fifteen miles to report the robbery makes his escape almost certain. A reward of \$1000 has been posted, but no clue has been found.

### Robbers Wreck a Postoffice

Machias, Me., Aug. 24.—The post-office at Machiasport was broken into and the safe blown early Sunday, \$200 worth of stamps and \$60 in cash being taken, while a pocketbook containing \$100 which was in the safe was overlooked by the burglars. The interior of the office was badly wrecked and every pane of glass in the structure was broken. The stamps were found later half a mile from the postoffice on the road leading to Machias.

### Steering Passengers Held Up

Boston, Aug. 28.—As a precaution to avoid the possibility of the introduction into this port of bubonic plague, 200 steering passengers aboard the trans-Atlantic liner Romanic were detained for an examination at the quarantine station. Dr. Carson, the local quarantine physician, had been notified that the plague was at the Azores, one of the stopping places of the Romanic. Most of the steering passengers were Portuguese.

### One Year For Manslaughter

Fitchburg, Mass., Aug. 26.—Pleading guilty to an indictment charging him with manslaughter in killing Edward McLaughlin of Leominster during a Fourth of July celebration, Amos L. Simmons, aged 17, was sentenced to serve one year in the house of correction by Judge Aiken. Simmons admitted that he fired a cannon at McLaughlin's house, the charge passing through the front door.

### Sudden Death of Dr. Mackay

Portland, Me., Aug. 28.—Rev. Donald S. Mackay, D. D., LL. D., of New York, president of the general synod of the Reformed Church in America and one of the best known divines in the country, died suddenly in the Union station here while on his way to his summer home at Blue Hill. He had been in ill-health for more than a year. Mackay was born in Glasgow in 1863.

### Hint of Stork's Visit

Amsterdam, Aug. 28.—Conducting statements from a book current concerning the health of the queen and The Telegraph this morning says: "It is learned that Queen Wilhelmina's health is good, and it is probable that a communication shortly will be made which will cause public joy."

### No Soldiers at Springfield

Springfield, Ill., Aug. 26.—The Seventh regiment withdrew from the city this morning and there are no more soldiers in Springfield. At a conference held between Governor Deneen, Sheriff Werner and representatives of the military forces in the city, it was decided that the further presence of the armed men was unnecessary.

### SUFFOCATED IN A MINE

Fire Cut Off Escape of Over Thirty Men in an Oklahoma Shaft

McAlester, Okla., Aug. 27.—More than thirty miners were suffocated in the Halley-Ola coal mine No. 1, near Halleyville, fourteen miles east of McAlester, when the destroyed the hoisting shaft and shaft and cut off air from the men below.

Twenty-five dead bodies were removed from the mine, following a successful three hours' battle with the flames. It is believed that six or eight more will be brought out. Twenty-five miners were suffocated and some of their bodies were buried.

Explorations in the channels revealed that none of the men met death by burning, but that all were suffocated. It is impossible for the rescuers to get far from the base of the main shaft and it probably will be twenty-four hours before a thorough search of the entire mine can be made. Some of the channels are three-quarters of a mile long.

The fire was occasioned by the ignition of a barrel of oil which a miner was trying to divide. The flames spread at once to the hoisting shaft and the air shaft, and all communication with the top was cut off. An effort was made to operate the cages running up and down the hoisting shaft, but it was found that the cages, the cables and the guides had been burned. There was absolutely no help for the imprisoned miners.

## BELGIUM PROMISES REFORMS IN CONGO

Realizes That She Has a Huge Task on Her Hands

Brussels, Aug. 28.—The Belgian senate has begun its consideration of the treaty providing for the annexation of the Congo Independent State to Belgium. Premier Schollaert urged the speedy adoption of the measure. "Belgium's task will be huge and heavy," he said, "and to succeed we must dare. King Leopold has given us a rich and well organized colony which should be accepted gratefully."

Foreign Minister Davignon then sketched the international aspect of the matter. He pointed out that the Congo charter provided responsibility for the Congo debt, and said the interest could be taken over any time by the passage of a special law. All the powers welcomed annexation, the foreign minister continued. The two treaties with France would be renewed, the first recognizing France's preference of rights in the Congo and the second, that of 1895, under the terms of which France recognizes the annexation condition and obtains transportation concessions for French exports over the Congo railroads and an adjustment of the Bangha frontier.

Continuing, Davignon said the differences with Great Britain had been practically settled. "Belgium will apply the new administrative program in the Congo with perseverance," he said, "and she will carry out the reforms and give the world an example of scrupulous loyalty in the fulfilling of her engagements."

### What Canal Zone Census Shows

Colon, Aug. 28.—The recent census gives the total population of the canal zone as 50,003, of which 25,000 are employed by the isthmian canal commission and the Panama railroad. Of the population 9363 are Americans.

## FOUND CUTICURA INDISPENSABLE

For Her Children—Little Girls Suffered with Itching Eczema Which Simply Covered Back of Heads—Baby Had a Tender Skin, Too.

ALL PROMPTLY CURED BY "WONDERFUL OINTMENT"

"Some years ago my three little girls had a very bad form of eczema. Itching eruptions formed on the backs of their heads which were simply covered. Before I heard of Cuticura, I used to try almost everything, but they failed. Then my mother recommended the Cuticura Remedies. I washed my children's heads with Cuticura Soap and then applied the wonderful ointment, Cuticura. I did this four or five times and I can say that they have been entirely cured. I have another baby who is so plump that the folds of skin on her neck were broken and even bled. I used Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment and the next morning the trouble had disappeared. I am using the Cuticura Remedies yet when ever any of my family have any more of this terrible skin trouble I can say that Cuticura is indispensable in every home. I cannot find its equal. Mrs. E. F. Ryder, Duquesne, 41 Dupont St., Montreal, Que., May 21, 1907."



"I had an ulcer on my foot for a year or more and it was very painful as it was a running sore. I had a doctor but his treatment did not heal it. About eight months ago I commenced to use Cuticura Soap, Cuticura Ointment, and Cuticura Pills. I used two sets and it is now all healed up. Mrs. E. F. Ryder, West Brewster, Mass., April 20, 1907."

## PAINFUL ULCER

On Foot for a Year. Healed by Two Sets of Cuticura

"I had an ulcer on my foot for a year or more and it was very painful as it was a running sore. I had a doctor but his treatment did not heal it. About eight months ago I commenced to use Cuticura Soap, Cuticura Ointment, and Cuticura Pills. I used two sets and it is now all healed up. Mrs. E. F. Ryder, West Brewster, Mass., April 20, 1907."

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Dan's Last Ambulance Run.

Old Bellevue Hospital Horse Retired to a Rhode Island Farm.

Dan, the Bellevue ambulance horse, who has been answering hurry calls for the past sixteen years, was allowed to retire the other day without the slightest reference to his noteworthy service. The old fellow is afflicted with what a veterinarian has diagnosed as pulmonary emphysema, but which Tom Coughlin, the veteran Bellevue ambulance driver, says is plain hoarseness.

Dan was able to bear his affliction fairly well until the other day when an ambulance call reached the hospital that required unusually quick action. A little later he had been run over by an automobile thirty blocks from the hospital, and the policeman who telephoned the call said that if the driver didn't hurry the boy would bleed to death in the street.

Driver Tom had a way of hurrying Dan with the jerkiness of the cable by just resting his hand on the horse's flank. The old fellow fairly flew down First avenue, and when the stretcher bearing the little chap wrapped in a blanket had been lifted into the ambulance he went back up the avenue even faster than he had come.

A block away from the hospital Tom Coughlin started his foot on the going to warn the hospital employees to have a stretcher ready when the ambulance got there, and never took his foot off until after the ambulance had rounded the Bellevue gate on two wheels and had reached the hospital doors. The stretcher was ready, and the elevator was waiting to carry the boy into the operating room. When the little fellow was lifted upon the operating table the ambulance surgeon looked at his watch. The whole thing had been done in twenty-two minutes.

Dan was still panting and gasping in front of the hospital after this run when the official veterinarian happened to pass. The horse undoubtedly had the heaves, and the official so reported to the hospital authorities.

While old Dan's fate was still in doubt a Rhode Island farmer who was grateful for considerable treatment during a long illness in the hospital wanted to know what was done with the ambulance horse when they got played out. He had a farm that bordered the greatest grass in the State of Rhode Island, he said, and would like nothing better than to give an old Bellevue horse a good home.

That sealed Dan's retirement papers, and the official action that marks the departure of a horse from one of the city departments was taken. The Board of Estimate solemnly considered the case and awarded Dan to the Street Cleaning Department. The Street Cleaning Commissioner gave him to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and Dan was finally led aboard one of the Sound boats and taken to Rhode Island.

The day of the Bloum disaster marked Dan's most remarkable service. All the hospitals of the city were called on to send every ambulance they could spare to the foot of East 13th street in The Bronx. Dan was chosen to haul the Bellevue ambulance, and with David Collins, superintendent of the Bellevue stables, on the seat to give the old fellow the drive of his life, the ambulance left the hospital at 10:42 o'clock. With three surgeons aboard the ambulance got to 138th street at 11:12, covering the eight miles in thirty minutes, including the time lost in slowing up to avoid collisions on the way. No other ambulance horse has beaten this record.

The old ambulance blottin at Bellevue contain the records of many other fast runs made by Dan. He made a memorable run by the way of the Windsor Hotel fire, when he left the stable after other horses had gone, waited at the scene while five victims were lifted into the ambulance and then started back with the surgeon, a policeman and Driver Coughlin on board besides the patients.

He passed one ambulance not so heavily loaded at Lexington avenue and the other at Third avenue, and in the time it would have taken an ordinary horse to make the run, Dan was back at the fire waiting for orders.

Nansen's Carrier Pigeon.

One day a carrier-pigeon tapped at the window of Mrs. Nansen's home in Christiana. Instantly the window was opened, and the wife of the famous Arctic explorer in another moment covered the little messenger with kisses and caresses. The carrier-pigeon had been away from the cottage thirty long months, but had not forgotten the way home. It brought a note from Nansen, stating that all was going well with his expedition in the polar regions.

Nansen had fastened a message to the bird, and turned it loose. The frail carrier darted out into the blizzard air, flew like an arrow over perhaps a thousand miles of frozen waste, and then over another thousand miles of ocean plains and forests, to enter the window of its waiting mistress and deliver the message which she had been awaiting so anxiously.

We boast of human pluck, sagacity and endurance; but this loving carrier-pigeon, after an absence of thirty months, accomplished a feat so wonderful that we can only give ourselves up to amazement and admiration.—Nansen's Arctic Explorations.

Costly Eyeteeth.

"I guess paw must have passed a lot of time at the dentist's when he was in New York," said Johnny Green.

"Why do you think so?" queried his ma.

"Cause I heard him tell a man today that it cost him nearly \$800 to get his eyeteeth cut," replied Johnny.—Chicago News.

When It Comes to Reward.

"I believe," said President Roosevelt, on July 12, "in equality of opportunity for every man to show the stuff that is in him, but when it comes to reward, let him get what he is able to get with the opportunity open."

Which is to say: "I don't ask to have Africa second in, but when it comes to magazine rates, it's every man for himself."—Life.

Expensive.

"I should never have thought that studying would have cost so much money."

"Yes, father, and if you only knew how little I have studied!"—Judge.

The village of Elm, in the canton of Glarus, Switzerland, is so surrounded by mountains that it has no sunlight all winter.

Foraging.

Pauline and Flora were city women. They yearned for a simple-life recreation. When Flora found an advertisement of a "Sylvan spot" at \$5 a week they settled it.

The place proved to be a farmhouse with plenty of trees, a hammock and a horse. Everything was clean and the landlady was kind and sweet. But the butter was bad.

For three days the girls ate dry bread. Then, during the third supper, as they sat mulling at the artless content with which Mrs. Mullen consumed the unpalatable mixture spread upon her bread, she began to comment on the fact that neither of them cared for butter.

"If I suppose you should both be like that, what would you do, relation to each other?" she concluded, amiably. Pauline felt a surge on the back of her head. It was Flora telegraphing, "peek up!" so she swallowed hard and spoke.

"The idea!" cried the good woman when Pauline's speech was done. "Why didn't you tell me you were flaky with butter? I've had boards like that before and I always turn things upside down to please 'em. How'd you like to take Maje after supper and drive up to Mrs. Maymaker's? It's only a mile, and she might have some butter she hasn't taken to market yet. Here is a awful knock."

"Just the thing!" cried Flora. "Swet Pauline, think of getting fresh, sweet home butter, right from the churn, before it's even been in any dairy store! And wouldn't it be simple-life, to go foraging around the country for food? Come on!"

It was a pretty drive in the twilight. But the tired little woman who came out to the buggy had taken all her butter to town that day. Mrs. Maymaker's was only a little farther along, she said. It was quite likely that she'd have some, and her butter took a prize at the county fair. So Pauline checked to Maje and they started on.

At the house answering to Mrs. Maymaker's description the door was banging open and a sign of life was to be seen, but the girls halted valiantly. Just as they were giving up a man emerged from a distant barn and called out, "What's the matter?" On learning their errand he started a long fruitless search for Mrs. Maymaker. At last he came out in the girls.

"Day, she must have stepped out to a neighbor's," he confided. "Anyway it ain't much use to wait. She ain't got no butter tonight. She's going to churn tomorrow. Why don't you drive up to Dodsworth's—yellow house, settin' back from the road?"

"How far is it?" asked Pauline.

"Oh, less'n a mile."

Again Maje smiled on.

It was almost dark, but the girls made out that there was a front gate at Dodsworth's as well as a lane that led to a side porch. They decided that it would be polite to stop at the gate.

At first Pauline could not see what was preventing their advance, but before they had quite tipped over the buggy wheels settled down on each side of a large hump of earth which the long grass concealed and Maje stopped short.

"Now we're in a mess," said Pauline. But Flora had already waded through the wet grass to the gate, which she was bravely trying to open.

"It's just for ornament," she giggled, at last. "Hello!" she called to the distant house at the top of her voice.

"Drive in the lane," came shrilly from the porch.

"We can't; we're stuck here," Flora called back.

Then a funny-looking woman in a muslin dressing sack, with a blonde coiffure fresh from the hairdresser's, came picking her way across the grassy yard.

"Well, I've been to Chicago," she answered when she heard what they wanted. "Been there two days shopping—and so on." She touched her hair fondly. "But Theo churned while I was gone. His butter might be eatable. Theo, darling!" she called. "Bring out your butter for Mije Mullen's boards to try."

The boards under the trees—a very tall, very solemn-looking man with bushy whiskers, carrying a very small crock in both hands. "I'm afraid I got too much salt in it," he remarked, sadly.

"Let me taste," chirped his wife, removing the plate and dipping delicately. "I should say you did!" with a coquettish gurgle of laughter. "But never mind; you did your best and you're the sweetest old thing in all the world!"

"Drive on before I choke," whispered Flora. But before Pauline could drive on Theo had to climb over the gate and lift their buggy from the hump of earth it was straddling.

"Don't believe you'll find any better this side of town, and that's six miles!" was the parting advice. "You're come about four miles out of your way. Why don't you drive right to the village?"

Pauline compressed her lips and took out the whip. In vain Flora giggled about Theo and tried to be sociable. Pauline was going to town for butter and she forced Maje past her home gate without once turning her head.

It was about 9 o'clock when they reached the village store. The round-faced grocer looked surprised as he came out to serve them.

"That's a real shame!" he exclaimed. "I sold the last half an hour ago. Mije Mullen's butter, too. She took a prize at the county fair. Mighty sorry! Call again!"—Chicago News.

Clever Noah.

Brown—I say, Jones, can you tell me who was the greatest financier that ever lived?

Jones—No, I can't.

Brown—Well, it was Noah.

Jones—How do you make that out?

Brown—Well, Noah was able to float a company when the whole world was in liquidation. See?—Philippines Gossip.

Sport.

"And haven't you ever taken a ride in an automobile?" asked the man with the new machine, pityingly.

"No," replied the plain person, "but I felt out a third-story window once."—Philadelphia Press.

Cost of Advice.

Stillicus—"It doesn't cost anything to accept gratuitous advice."

Cynleus—"No; not unless you act upon it."—Philadelphia Record.

CASTORIA.

From the  
Signature  
Dr. H. H. Plummer

Ghostly Lovers.

They are Called "Fetches" in New Foundland and Never Forget.

"Speaking of ghosts," said the matter-of-fact story teller, "I was spending a month on Pike's Island, N. F., one summer, and in that section of the country almost everybody believes in ghosts, only they are called 'fetches'—a rude corruption, I take it, of the old word fetch."

"Being a 'fetch' is by no means an infrequent experience of the natives, but little did I think that I would be so honored. Every one knows the aspect of Newfoundland's northern coast. A rocky, barren mainland, washed by the waters of innumerable small bays, each prettily dotted with little islands. Pike's Island, an arm of Notre Dame Bay, boasts the ownership of a nurse of iron pyrites and a settlement of several hundred miners and their wives and children, so it was not because I was loosely or the victim of some illusion that I had on the evening in question sought a variation in the entertainment by taking an old punt and rowing a little distance out of the harbor. I enjoyed the exercise as well as the scenery, and when I was sheltered from all human observation by a point of land I let the oars swing idly in the rowlocks, flitted my pipe, and stretched myself on the broad thwart in the stern, prepared to enjoy an hour's reflection."

"Usually I could see to read a book at this hour of night—it was between 10 and 11—but to-night a few clouds hovered in the sky and now and then lazily crossed the moon, and the bay was left in comparative darkness. Whether I dozed off for a time I can not say, but during one of these slumbers a slight ripples of the water startled me, and as I was rising to a sitting posture I saw the head and shoulders of a man appear above the surface of the water; then came a limp and dripping body, which he raised with some effort and placed in the prow of my boat, the whole taking him not more than a minute. Ordinarily I would have made some effort to assist in such an undertaking, but the apparition came so suddenly and so unexpectedly, and moreover, with so much of the uncanny in its manner of appearance that I remained stock still, my pipe between my lips and my hands, as I recall it, plunged deep in my pockets."

"When the dead woman—or girl, I could not make out which at the time—had been deposited in the boat, the man placed a hand upon the prow and made a signal for me to row shoreward. Throwing off the spell that was upon me, and with a sense of shame at my inaction, I made a movement to reach the oars that still swung in the rowlocks. As I grasped them and slid to my seat the man let go his hold and sank beneath the water, and the moon, emerging from a cloud at that instant, showed me my boat as empty as when I had embarked in it. There was no one, living or dead, that I could call a passenger."

"Of course I was mystified, but that did not prevent me from leaning forward over the side of the punt and examining the water. There was hardly a ripple to be seen, but just ahead of me a small barrel averted with the tide—a buoy over a dangerous spot, like many another in and about the harbor. Thoroughly disturbed in my mind, I made haste back to the settlement to tell my story. The oldest inhabitants shook their heads over and looked at each other, and after some hesitation one of them finally enlightened me a little."

"A gal fell out of a boat at that that spot," he said, slowly, "and her feller went down for her an' never came back. 'Tadut nowies outkilyer seen 'em both—that fetcher, I means, 'and as snaked on solidly."

"I learned afterward that there were jagged rocks down under the water where the buoy floated, and that it was more than probable that both the man and woman in the story had come to their deaths through striking the rocks violently. However, I had only my eyes with which to furnish the sequel to the tragedy. There was no liquor to be had on the island, so I was not intoxicated, and I had become immune to Newfoundland tobacco. The apparition was as clear to me as your face is now, so I leave it to you to solve the riddle.—New York Times.

A Timely Quotation.

A writer in the New York Times is responsible for a story illustrative of the surprising insight of children in meeting a disagreeable situation.

In a certain clergyman's family it was the custom that each of his children repeat a verse at the beginning of every meal in place of having the usual formal blessing. One day one of the small boys had been disobedient, and in punishment had been sentenced to a much curtailed dinner, to be eaten at a table quite by herself. When the family was seated for dinner, the verses were repeated by the children as usual. The little sinner at the solitary table was silent. She was sober and somewhat resentful. Her father called upon her to repeat her verse. She demurred on the ground that being debarred from the family circle she saw no reason for joining the family devotions. Her father insisted. She remained silent a moment thinking, then spoke out clearly:

"Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies."

Ministerial Skill.

At a recent banquet given at the house of the Prime Minister of one of the Balkan States a distinguished diplomat complained to his host that the Minister of Justice, next to whom he was sitting, had taken his watch.

The Prime Minister said, "Ah, he shouldn't have done that. I will get it back for you."

Sure enough, toward the end of the evening the watch was returned to its owner. "And what did he say?" asked the guest.

"He said: 'He does not know I have got it back,'" said the Prime Minister.—Liverpool Post.

There is a story about a huge ship which was to be launched and the laborers were unable to start her down the ways. A little boy arose out of the crowd of spectators and gave a push against her stern. Just then she started and slid gracefully into the water. So far as the application of the story is concerned the little boy always claimed he did it. If memory serves me correctly the little boy's name was Tommy.

A woman will go on a starvation diet and have herself skinned alive in order to retain her husband's admiration; but a man considers himself a martyr if he makes a boiled omelet.

He Didn't Worry.

The Working Out of Ezekiah Doolittle's Theory of Hopefulness.

His name was Ezekiah Doolittle and he was blessed with a singular temperament. When he proposed to Annie Warner he inquired what means he had with which to support a wife. "None whatever," said the cheerful Ezekiah, "but poverty is no disgrace, and some day I expect to strike it rich."

They were married and went to live with Annie's parents "until something turned up." Ezekiah passed by the small job looking for something big, but he was always on hand for a nickel.

Annie fretted because they were a burden on her parents and chided him for his inaction.

"Don't worry," said he. "It will soon turn up."

Ezekiah lived up to his own creed and refused to worry, no matter how great the provocation. Even when Annie's parents turned them out he was perfectly calm. "The Lord will provide!" he exclaimed placidly. But his wife wasted no time in idleness. She rented a small cottage, bought some furniture on credit and took in washing.

"The debt on the furniture will soon be due," she reminded him one day.

"Never trouble trouble until trouble troubles you," quoted Ezekiah.

So his wife did plan sewing at night to increase their scanty income. Then a baby was born and Annie was unable to work. "What shall we do?" she cried.

"Don't worry. It will injure your health," soothed Ezekiah. "I am still expecting something to turn up." Annie's folks helped them for a year and then she rented a large house and took in boarders.

"The rent will soon be due," she told her husband as she glanced anxiously at the calendar.

"Take no thought for the morrow," replied Ezekiah. "The morrow will take thought for the things of itself."

Annie worked harder. Her cares increased as the family increased, and she lost her beauty, her health and her temper.

"You worry too much," remonstrated her husband. "Why don't you take a hopeful view of life, as I do?"

Human endurance has its limits, and the end came at last. Annie died of overwork, her parents took the children and the hopeful Ezekiah was left to shift for himself.

"The world owes me a living," said he, as he took to the road. As he tramped out of the village, past the little country cemetery his eyes sought out the unmarked grave of his wife and he sighed.

"The ways of Providence are inscrutable," he murmured resignedly. "She was a good wife, but she would worry."—Youth's Companion.

A Few Jingles.

There once was an amorous Mr.  
Who on meeting a girl always Mr.  
But one night at the gate  
He learned when too late  
He'd been kissing the coachman's black horse.  
—Anon.

There once was a girl of New York  
Whose body was lighter than cork  
She had to be fed  
For six weeks upon lead  
Before she went out for a walk.  
—Cosmo Monkhouse.

Nan's father, who lived in Nantucket,  
Kept all of his cash in a bucket.  
But one day Miss Nau  
Eloped with a man,  
And as for the cash, why Nan took it  
There was a young lady of Boston  
Whose manner had such a deep frost  
On  
She invariably froze  
Every one of her beaux  
When her high plain of thought they  
Got lost on.  
—Life.

There was a dear lady of Eden  
Who on apples was quite fond of  
Feelin'.  
She gave one to Adam  
Who said, "Thank you madam,  
And then both skeddaddled from Eden."

There once was an old man of Lyme  
Who married three wives at a time;  
When asked, "Why a third?"  
He replied, "Ours is a crime!"  
—Cosmo Monkhouse.

No Questions Allowed.

When a certain member of President Roosevelt's Cabinet took up his portfolio he was much impressed by the business-like rapidity with which his colored messenger fed him with a great number of papers and letters to sign.

One day the Secretary was going through the process like a well-oiled machine, the messenger shuffling the documents toward him one by one and carefully arranging them on their return trip.

All at once the Secretary's attention was attracted by a few words in a letter. "They held his attention for some time. He began to harbor some doubt. 'What's all this about, anyway?' the Secretary murmured to himself.

Whereupon the messenger indicated with his finger a certain blank space in the paper. "I don't know what the nature of the paper is, sir," he said, in a decisive tone that brooked no contradiction, "but you put your name right there, sir."—September Lippincott's.

Disappointed.

At a dinner of a legal association held in Washington not long ago one of the speakers told of a farmer's son in Illinois who conceived a desire to shine as a legal light. Accordingly he went up to Springfield, where he accepted employment at a small sum from a fairly well known attorney.

At the end of three days' study he returned to the farm.

"Well, Bill, how'd ye like the law?" asked his father.

"It ain't what it's cracked up to be," responded Bill gloomily. "I'm sorry I learned it."—September Lippincott's.

Marrying a woman, after you have kept her two years waiting, is like buying a doll that has stood too long in the show-case.

A terrible lot of the hospitality met these days belongs to the homeopathic school.

CASTORIA.  
The Kid for the Kid  
Signature  
Dr. H. H. Plummer

The Pet Fox.

The best loved pet of E. A. Baynes, the naturalist, was Sprite, the little red fox who came to the Baynes animal boarding school before he got his eyes open, and learned to regard a druggist's medicine dropper as the earliest fount of supply. He was a great hunter in the neighboring hen yards, and for this reason had to be penned at an early age.

After he had been shut in a wire pen the hens, whom he had annoyed, would walk up and down in front of the pen and insult him. Sprite at first would dash frantically against the wire fencing, but when he found that was no good he stopped it. So the hens got bolder, and one day one of them stuck her head through the wire to chuck at him better. The hen never came out.

Sprite loved to be allowed to sleep on the beds in the house, and when he woke from his nap he loved also to take the bed clothes down with him into the yard to play with. It early became apparent that he must be let alone. When he was shut up he was miserable, and when he was out the neighbors were.

Several times Mr. Baynes took him out into the woods and tried to lose him. Each time it required a fresh tracing of the determination to do it and each liberation was followed by a fresh mental depression on the part of the master. But invariably before he got home Sprite would be found trotting at heel like a dog.

Finally the situation grew tense and the naturalist got a team and took the little fox to a distant mountain-side and let him loose. Sprite thought it was merely one of their customary stunts, but as he stood on a cliff gazing across country he heard a wild fox yelp in the distance. Like a streak of rusty paint pouring through the grass he disappeared, and Mr. Baynes got into the wagon and drove away home, trying to convince himself that he was kind to be rid of the creature.

Forty-eight hours later, as he sat in his study at night, the sound of little pattering footsteps came along the porch. He opened the door and the little red fox leaped upon him wild with joy. Sprite had some supper, then ran upstairs to his master's bed and went to sleep. Before daylight he rose and disappeared.

This went on for some time. At times for many succeeding nights, again with two or three days' intermission, Sprite would turn up for an affectionate salutation, a supper and a nap on the bed.

One night he came in with his nose full of porcupine quills, which his master had to extract with care. Another time he arrived with his head swollen to double its usual size. Finally he went away one night and never came back, but he is still remembered fondly in the home of his babyhood.—N. Y. Sun.

A Definite Date.

During the money stringency lately a certain real estate man, having nothing else for his clerk to do, sent him out to collect some rent that was overdue.

The clerk, being of Swedish nationality, had their peculiar twang in his speech.

Returning from his trip, the Swede seemed very jubilant.

"The proprietor, noticing his smile, said, 'Well, what luck did you have?' and the clerk answered, 'Purty good.' 'Well, did anybody pay you?' 'Yes, Smith he pay, and Youse he pay in January.' 'Are you sure Youse said he would pay in January? He never before has made any such promise.' 'Well, I think so. He say it bepe a dam col' day when you get dot money, and I tuck dat base in January.'—Scrap Book.

Never Anything Left Over.

"Say, how much will it cost me to spend a week in New York?" "How much have you got?" "Two hundred dollars." "It will cost you \$200."—Cleveland Leader.

Convinced.

"Give in," said the anti-Darwinist. "We're related to the lower animals, all right."

"What changed your mind?" "Fellow over in New York who ate 50 ears of corn at a sitting."—Philadelphia.

Green is said to be the poorest country of Europe. Her total wealth amounts to \$1,000,000,000, or about half that of Switzerland.

The Moki Indians are now worshippers, and their Christmastic festival is a sad dance. It is much like the snake dance of the midsummer season.

If we had stepchildren we wouldn't do as so many do, and wear ourselves out by pretending to like them.

Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. It is a safe and reliable remedy for all the troubles of teething, and it is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. It is a safe and reliable remedy for all the troubles of teething, and it is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States.

Cartridges are used as current coin in Abyssinia.

We recommend Carter's Iron Pills to every woman who is weak, nervous and discouraged; particularly those who have thin, pale lips and cold hands and feet, and who are without strength or ambition. These are the cases for which Carter's Iron Pills are especially prepared, and this class cannot see them without benefit. Valuable for all ailments, medicinal boxes, at 50 cents. Sold by druggists or sent by mail. See advertisement elsewhere.

The smallest bone in the human body is contained in the drum of the ear.

These gentle, active and good effect on the system, and it is a safe and reliable remedy for all the troubles of teething, and it is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States.

The Turks are manifesting great delight in automobiles, but their poor roads make it difficult to use them.

Because of the flow, with constipation injures the complexion, induce pimples, yellow skin. Remove the cause by using Carter's Little Liver Pills. One a dose. Try them.

These are many forms of nerve debility in men that yield to the use of Carter's Iron Pills. Those who are troubled with nervous weakness, night sweats, etc., should try them.

CASTORIA.  
The Kid for the Kid  
Signature  
Dr. H. H. Plummer

Transmutation.

See, dear, I burn upon this April hill  
The letters I have treasured for so long.  
The day runs over with the bluebird sang;  
Twining the clean, bright daisies that have  
their will.  
On our hearts' record, waiting for a breath  
Gray wrinkles of paper whereupon in death  
will be worse than that which my spirit still  
Herein I prove me worthy of your trust.  
Leaving our letters not to mold and dust,  
Nor, after me, ravished of alien eyes;  
But changing them through fire and the  
spring's  
Swift alchemy into fair, growing things.  
So have the heart's frustrations made me  
wise.  
—Elizabeth Whiting, in April Century.

The Key of the Fields.

Give me the key of the fields,  
O Fairy of Dreams! I would wander away  
away.  
To the edge of the world, where Dawn her  
empire yields  
To the cold blue day—  
To the edge of the world, where tall dark  
plumes above  
The verge of the sharp-spit cliff soar up to  
the blue.  
Are they singing there, the solemn places I  
love,  
The song I knew?

Yes, take my heart, and in its role,  
Direct it to its pleasant fate;  
I will be silent in Thy school,  
And learn whither I should teach me  
wise.  
—Gerhart Hauptmann.

The Moulding of Men.

So firmly fixed, so frequently flattered, has been our belief in the perfection of our public school system, that it comes as a shock to realize that this system, or rather its present condition, may be a source of devastating weakness.

Recently the president of a great university spoke of the evil that has been done the minds and ideals of the young men of our nation by the almost universal monopolization by women of the function of educating our masculine youth. Our young men during the most impressionable period of their lives are taught almost exclusively by women. The man teacher is slowly becoming extinct.

Up to the age of fourteen years the boy may be trained perhaps equally well by a man or woman. Beyond that age the boy usually becomes sensitive to the influence of the average schoolmistress, and the teacher's efforts are usually annulled. At this period the young and plastic nature of the

## Historical and Genealogical.

## Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed: 1. Names and dates must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. Make all queries as brief as is consistent with clearness. 4. Write on one side of the paper only. 5. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature. 6. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature. 7. Direct all communications to: Miss E. M. TILLEY, Newport Historical Room, Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 29, 1908.

## QUERIES.

6448. SPINK—Would like ancestry of Aea Spink of Conn., who had a widow by name of Mary Buckley (Buckley?) Murfey. Am served in Rev. War. Was he of R. I. Spink ancestry? or in any way connected with Clothier or Squire families? as Am was a given name for several generations in both families—and they were of Colchester and Cornwall Connecticut—a natural conclusion that there was some connection. I am both Clothier and Squire ancestry—as well as of Spink.—K. L. M. C.

6449. BLOOM—William Bloom, son of Samuel and Margaret (Spoke) Bloom, born April 28, 1785, married. They had a son William who resided at Clinton, N. Y. Can any one tell me the maiden name of the wife of Samuel Bloom? I would also like to know if any descendants are now living?—G. B.

6450. PECKHAM—The following advertisement appeared in the Newport Mercury, February 1, 1817:

## NOTICE.

A cedar boat sailed from Point Judith Beach for Block Island, on the 28th of December, with two men on board, one of them named Perry Peckham the other a colored man, named Daniel Avis; who are supposed to be lost.—The Boat had two masts, a white bottom, and red wale, and about 16 feet long, and was loaded with seal leather and calf skins.—Any person who has taken up said Boat, or seen her adrift, and will give notice thereof to the Subscriber, shall be generously rewarded.

WILLIAM PECKHAM, Jun., South Kingstown, Jan. 2, 1817.

Can any one inform me who the above man named Perry Peckham was, and in any facts have been handed down relating to the incident referred to in the above advertisement?—P.

6451. RICHARDSON—Information is wanted as to the family connections of William Richardson, "mariner," who married Amy Borden, in Rhode Island, March 27, 1873. He was the father of Thomas Richardson, Treasurer of the Colony in 1875. Can the connection be traced between the above named William R. and Francis Richardson, who was at one time a merchant in Boston, and who moved to New York from that city. He will be proved in Boston, Feb. 17, 1888.—B. R. B.

6452. MAURANDI—The undersigned will be much obliged to any one in possession of a copy of "Progeria of Italian Knights of St. John, 1186 to June 1889," if he would copy the names of the Maurandi and Morandi, their residence, date of entrance, etc., into the Order. The names may also be found in other Italian Knighthoods.—M.

6453. MERRITT—Who were the parents, wives and children of the following Merritts—Berkley, of Newport, 1638; George, of Perth Amboy, 1694; Isaac, of Bristol, Pa., 1694; John, of Skutumpah, 1652 (brother of first Henry); John, of New York, 1641; John, of Salem, 1674; Richard, (wife, Mary Simmons), of Boston, 1695. Who were the parents and wives of Henry Merritt, of Skutumpah, 1628; Thomas Merritt, of Rye, N. Y., 1680; Humphrey Brown, of Rhode Island, 1710; Robert Ashley, of Springfield, 1689; Henry Dillingham, of Sandwich, 1689; Jacobus Hopkings, of Oyster Bay, 1700; John Rathbone of Block Island, 1660-1702; David Sutherland, of Bangall, N. Y., 1750-94; William Wood, of Dartmouth, 1710? Who were the parents of Samuel Thompson, of Stamford, N. Y., 1707?—D. M.

6454. A Connecticut Parson Compelled to Chew up Paper Money, in 1777.—Can any of the readers of Notes and Queries give me the name of the "Connecticut parson" who was compelled, March —, 1777, by the Royalist of New York, to chew up all the paper money he had about him, and to declare, in the presence of a large number of people, that he would not again pray for the Continental Congress, or for "their doer of dirty work, Mr. Washington"?—D. M.

6455. CARR—Robert Carr, of Newport, R. I., according to J. O. Austin's Genealogical Dictionary of Rhode Island, being about to start on a voyage to New York and New Jersey, made his will April 20, 1681, which was proved October 4, 1681, and which mentions, among other children, a daughter Margaret, giving to her certain items of property; but concerning her the Dictionary gives no further particulars. From records of the Society of Friends in New Jersey, however, and from other sources, the writer has gathered the following information concerning her:

Miss Margaret Carr, b. —, d. —, daughter of Robert (I) and — Carr of Newport, R. I., married 27th of 9th month (Nov.) 1670, Richard Hartshorne, an eminent Friend (or Quaker), of Middletown, Monmouth Co., N. J., b. 1641, d. 1722, son of William of Halberstam in Leicestershire, England, and certainly had four children, viz: 1, Hach; 2, William; 3, Sarah; and 4, Catherine. Can anyone give the maiden name of the wife of Robert Carr, and the dates of birth and death of his daughter Margaret?—R. C.

6456. MURFORD—Information is wanted relative to the specimens of

## To the Business Men, Investors, and Citizens of Newport.

There is published in the columns of this paper to-day, a list of subscribers for stock of the

## Common Sense Gum Company.

This list is far from complete. There are many who have signified their desire to subscribe and intention to do so. Look over this list carefully. If your name is not there send it in, AT ONCE, either to the Committee, or to Hon. W. P. Clarke, Chairman, for as many shares as you can afford.

Every person whom I have interviewed wants this good, clean industry to come to Newport. Every person with an ounce of business sense KNOWS it will help conditions here. Every person who subscribes NOW only hastens the day for actual operations to build a handsome and modern gum manufacturing plant, which will employ several hundred Newport people, and where ALL OF THE MANUFACTURING OF OUR GUMS WILL BE DONE. This is an opportunity not only to do your part toward securing a much needed industry in your city, but to own stock in a good company, managed by honest and capable men, and a business enterprise, which has always been exceptionally profitable.

GEO. W. TOWNSEND,  
COMMON SENSE GUM COMPANY.

8-29

Stephen Mumford (born 1659, died 1707) who came from London, Eng. 1664 and settled in Newport, R. I. He was one of the founders of the Seventh-Day-Baptist Church, in 1671, at Newport. His wife Ann —, was born 1665, died 1698. What was the maiden name of his wife Ann?—J. P. M.

## Tiverton.

Mrs. Mary B. Gadeby, wife of Mr. William Gadeby, died very suddenly last Saturday afternoon, at the house of her son-in-law, Dr. C. H. Bryant, on Riverside Drive, Tiverton. She had not been in the best of health for some time, but her illness was not considered of a serious nature. Mr. and Mrs. Gadeby went to Maine in the early part of June, returning about three weeks ago, as the climate did not seem to agree with Mrs. Gadeby.

Mrs. Gadeby was born 55 years ago at Litchfield, Maine, and was the daughter of Cyrus and Lucinda Small. She married Mr. Gadeby 18 years ago. She managed the Webster Looms Harness Company of Fall River, and had been connected with that firm since it was organized. She was well known to the patrons of the House Bridge House, where she was a great helpmate to her husband, who was owner and former proprietor of that hotel.

Charles A. Hambley, Tiverton's veteran butcher, was the victim of an accident that nearly cost him his life Wednesday morning, and it will certainly confine him to his home for a long time.

Mr. Hambley, who is 55 years of age, was driving out of Gardner's lane, on the main road from Newport to Fall River, at a point just south of the Temple Chapel in North Tiverton, and neither saw nor heard the approach of the electric car due at the State line at 9:22.

At the time it was raining very hard and the strong northeast wind blowing prevented the sound of the whistle reaching Mr. Hambley's ears. The car struck a forward wheel of the butcher cart and the driver was tipped out, falling under the wheels of the car, which was going at a very slow pace, and was brought to a stop before any of the wheels had touched him.

When he had been extricated doctors were summoned and it was found that Mr. Hambley had a dislocated left shoulder and concussion of the brain, besides being thoroughly shaken up and bruised all over the body.

It was proposed by the car officials to take him to St. Anne's Hospital in Fall River, but his relatives, who had gathered at the scene of the wreck, insisted that he should be taken home. Consequently he was removed to Spring Hill Farm.

## NOTICE OF ADMINISTRATRIX.

THE UNDERSIGNED has been appointed by the Court of Probate of Middletown, R. I., Administratrix de bonis bonis, with will annexed, on the estate of LYDIA R. LEWIS, Widow, late of said Middletown, deceased, and duly qualified herself as such Administratrix. All persons having claims against the estate of said Lydia R. Lewis are hereby notified to file the same in the Office of the Clerk of said Court within three months from the date hereof, and those indebted thereto will make payment to the undersigned.

MARY ELIZA PECKHAM,  
Administratrix, d. c. n. c. t. u.  
Middletown, R. I., August 28, 1908.—S-28-17

## Carr's List.

THE RIVERMAN, Edward Stewart White.  
THE POST GIRL, By Edward A. Booth.  
THE CIRCULAR STAIRCASE, By Mary R. Blinchart.  
JUDGMENT OF EVE, By May Sinclair.  
LIFE OF ALICE FREEMAN PALMER, By George Herbert Palmer.

Also a new lot of  
JIG-SAW PUZZLES  
DAILY NEWS BUILDING.

## BEAUTY

Is said to be only skin deep. That is certainly the case with some pianos.

Some very inferior pianos are very highly finished.

Don't be deceived by appearances.

Don't take the word of an unreliable dealer.

The Pianos sold at this store are the good kind. Reasonable prices too.

Barney's  
Music Store

154 Thames Street

Rhode Island  
Normal School

FALL TERM BEGINS TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, at 9 o'clock a. m. Examinations for admission will occur Friday, September 11, beginning at 9 a. m. Registration of Students at Principal's office, Monday, September 14. High School graduates admitted to regular course of two and one-half years without examination; for course of two years, examination required. For catalogue or other information, apply to WALTER E. RANGER, Secretary, Trustees, Box 1482, or to JOHN L. ALGER, Principal, Box 1482, Providence.

RHODE ISLAND COLLEGE OF  
AGRICULTURE AND ME-  
CHANIC ARTS

COLLEGE COURSES:  
Agriculture (Agronomy, Horticulture, Animal Husbandry, Mechanical, Electrical, Civil, Chemical, etc.)  
Engineering (Mechanical, Electrical, Civil, Chemical, etc.)  
WOMEN'S COURSE. TEACHERS' COURSE.

Short Courses with Certificate.  
COLLEGE OPENS SEPTEMBER 4.

These courses lead to careers from which without them, you are deterred.

College Expenses (for citizens of the State), \$4.75 Per Quarter of the Year.

Living Expenses (including room, heat, light and board) \$39.00 Per Quarter of the Year.

Can YOU afford not to examine into this matter?

Apply to  
HOWARD EDWARDS, President,  
Kingston, R. I.

Court of Probate, Middletown, R. I., August 17, A. D. 1908.

JAMES T. BARKER, the Administrator on the estate of

JULIA MARTA BARKER, Widow, late of said Middletown, deceased, prays to this Court his first and final account therewith, and thereon prays that the same may be examined, allowed and reported.

It is ordered that the consideration of said account be referred to the Court of Probate, to be held at the Town Hall in said Middletown, on Monday, the twenty-first day of September next, A. D. 1908, at one o'clock p. m., and that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week at least, in the Newport Mercury.

ALBERT L. CHASE,  
Probate Clerk.

The Berkshire and  
Litchfield Hills

A Charming Place for Rest and Recreation  
1000 Feet Above the Sea.

## A VACATION PARADISE

Adequate, luxurious accommodations  
for Summer Visitors at very reasonable prices.

AUTOMOBILING Throughout the Berkshires in every direction are beautiful macadamized driveways—the smooth, perfectly kept roads for which Massachusetts is famous.

GOLFING wherever you go in this hill country you'll find splendid well-kept links—the most picturesque beautiful courses you've ever played over.

HUNTING You'll want to be ready for the open season—good sport in the Berkshires this autumn.

WALKING Glorious views of hills and valleys, lakes and brooks reward the city man who trains about in this Vacation Land.

THERE'S HEALTH AND EXHILARATION IN THE CLEAR, BRACING

AIR OF THESE HILLS.

Write for information to General Passenger Department, Mount Mansfield, New Haven, Conn., New York, New Haven & Hartford R. R.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS.

Office of the

State Board of Public Roads.

The undersigned

Board will meet at

the Court House, New-

port, R. I., Thursday,

August 6, and each

succeeding Thursday

until further notice,

between the hours of

10 a. m. and 4 p. m.,

to grant operators' li-

censes and to receive

applications for regis-

tration of motor ve-

hicles and motor cy-

cles.

State Board of Public Roads.

8-28-17

## Just Ripe for Biting

Perhaps you think mosquito time is about over. Not at all. Mosquitoes reach the age of maturity in September, and my! how they can bite. Every penny saves a scratch—the little device of ours costs but little, and no skeets need apply. Can be placed anywhere at any time. Better have one, your health and comfort say so.

## A. C. TITUS CO.,

225-229 THAMES STREET,

NEWPORT, R. I.

## A QUALITY TALK.

When buying Fire Insurance buy the best; that is buy it in Companies who have passed through great conflagrations, notably the San Francisco conflagration with the highest credit. The cost is the same.

WE have the Companies.

## WM. E. BRIGHTMAN,

169 THAMES STREET.



## Wet Weather

Is no longer very disagreeable and inconvenient to the woman with a residence telephone.

Consult Us for Rates.

## PROVIDENCE TELEPHONE CO.

LOCAL CONTRACT OFFICE,

NEWPORT, R. I., 142 SPRING STREET

## EVENT EXTRAORDINARY

## LECTURE

—BY—

## Hon. W. T. VERNON

(Register of the United States Treasury, Washington)

At Masonic Hall, Cor. School and Church Sts.

Thursday Evening, September 3, 1908

Subject: "THE DEMANDS OF THE HOUR."



This lecture will be given in the interest of the Mount Zion A. M. E. Church, to help towards liquidating the mortgage indebtedness of \$850 which rests upon the church.

This is the Hon. W. T. Vernon's first visit to Rhode Island. No one should miss the opportunity of hearing him. Hon. ROSWELL B. BURCHARD, Speaker of the House of Representatives, will preside.

ADMISSION: Reserved Seats 50c. and 75c.

General Admission 35c.

Lecture at 8 p. m.

Tickets on sale at Barney's Music Store, Rogers' Music Store, and H. N. Hassard's Grocery.

COMMITTEE—DAVID B. ALLEN, Chairman; JOSEPH T. RAY, JACKSON CARTER, LEVI JACKSON, JAMES DOWNES, JAMES W. JOHNSON, Treasurer, WM. H. THOMAS, Minister.

8-28-17

Mrs. Harry D. McBride was a visitor here on Thursday, having come up from Boston on the excursion to spend the day with her father, Captain John E. Gorman.

Mr. Alfred L. Hammett, Jr., of Palham Manor, N. Y., is visiting relatives in this city.

Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont is expected home from Europe the early part of September. She will come to Newport shortly after arriving in New York.

Mrs. Alfred Gutzmer and her children have returned from a visit to Methuen, N. J.

III.  
FOR SALE.

Several mortgages, discount 5 to 7 per cent. for cash.

W. G. PECKHAM,  
Westfield, N. J.

## Sheriff's Sale.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS.

NEWPORT, R. I. SHERIFF'S OFFICE, }  
BY VIRTUE and in pursuance of an Execution under the seal of the Superior Court of Rhode Island within and for the County of Newport, on the twenty-eighth day of October, A. D. 1907, and returnable to the said Court, April (twenty-eighth), A. D. 1908, upon a judgment rendered in said Court on the eighteenth day of October, A. D. 1907, in favor of Abram T. Anthony, of said Newport, plaintiff, and against the Bearhaven Realty Company, a corporation owning real estate in the City of Newport in said County, defendant, I have this day at 8 minutes past 9 o'clock a. m., levied said Execution in and to the right, title and interest, which the said defendant, The Bearhaven Realty Company, had on the 1st day of February, A. D. 1907, at one minute past 9 o'clock p. m. (the time of the at- tachment on the original writ), in and to a certain lot or parcel of land, with all the buildings and improvements thereon, situated in said City of Newport, in said County of Newport, in the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, and bounded and described as follows: Beginning at the corner of the corner of the Eastern side of Hammersmith Road, (sometimes called Helena Road), where the parcel of land about to be described adjoins other land owned by the Bearhaven Realty Company, thence running in a curved line in a southerly and easterly direction along the said Hammersmith Road to Brexton Road, and thence in a curved line to North Street, a distance of 100 feet, more or less, to the point of beginning, containing 1000 acres, more or less, or however otherwise the same may be bounded or described.

AND Notice is hereby given that I will sell the said attached and levied on estate at a Public Auction, to be held in the Sheriff's Office, in said City of Newport, in said County of Newport, on the 5th day of February, A. D. 1908, at 12 o'clock noon, for the satisfaction of said execution, debt, interest on the same, costs of suit, my own fees and all contingent expenses, sufficient to satisfy said Execution.

FRANK P. KING,  
Deputy Sheriff.

NEWPORT, R. I. The above advertised sale is hereby ad-  
journing to WEDNESDAY, March 4, 1908,  
at the same hour and place above named.

FRANK P. KING,  
Deputy Sheriff.

NEWPORT, R. I. The above advertised sale is hereby ad-  
journing to SATURDAY, April 4, 1908, at the  
same hour and place above named.

FRANK P. KING,  
Deputy Sheriff.

NEWPORT, R. I. The above advertised sale is hereby ad-  
journing to MONDAY, May 4, 1908, at the  
same hour and place above named.

FRANK P. KING,  
Deputy Sheriff.

NEWPORT, R. I. The above advertised sale is hereby ad-  
journing to THURSDAY, June 4, 1908, at the  
same hour and place above named.

FRANK P. KING,  
Deputy Sheriff.

NEWPORT, R. I. The above advertised sale is hereby ad-  
journing to MONDAY, July 6, 1908, at the  
same hour and place above named.

FRANK P. KING,  
Deputy Sheriff.

NEWPORT, R. I. The above advertised sale is hereby ad-  
journing to THURSDAY, August 6, 1908, at the  
same hour and place above named.

FRANK P. KING,  
Deputy Sheriff.

NEWPORT, R. I. The above advertised sale is hereby ad-  
journing to MONDAY, September 8, 1908, at the  
same hour and place above named.

FRANK P. KING,  
Deputy Sheriff.

NEWPORT, R. I. The above advertised sale is hereby ad-  
journing to THURSDAY, October 8, 1908, at the  
same hour and place above named.

FRANK P. KING,  
Deputy Sheriff.

NEWPORT, R. I. The above advertised sale is hereby ad-  
journing to MONDAY, November 8, 1908, at the  
same hour and place above named.

FRANK P. KING,  
Deputy Sheriff.

NEWPORT, R. I. The above advertised sale is hereby ad-  
journing to THURSDAY, December 8, 1908, at the  
same hour and place above named.

FRANK P. KING,  
Deputy Sheriff.

NEWPORT, R. I. The above advertised sale is hereby ad-  
journing to MONDAY, January 8, 1909, at the  
same hour and place above named.

FRANK P. KING,  
Deputy Sheriff.

NEWPORT, R. I. The above advertised sale is hereby ad-  
journing to THURSDAY, February 8, 1909, at the  
same hour and place above named.

FRANK P. KING,  
Deputy Sheriff.

NEWPORT, R. I. The above advertised sale is hereby ad-  
journing to MONDAY, March 8, 1909, at the  
same hour and place above named.

FRANK P. KING,  
Deputy Sheriff.

NEWPORT, R. I. The above advertised sale is hereby ad-  
journing to THURSDAY, April 8, 1909, at the  
same hour and place above named.

FRANK P. KING,  
Deputy Sheriff.

NEWPORT, R. I. The above advertised sale is hereby ad-  
journing to MONDAY, May 8, 1909, at the  
same hour and place above named.

FRANK P. KING,  
Deputy Sheriff.

NEWPORT, R. I. The above advertised sale is hereby ad-  
journing to THURSDAY, June 8, 1909, at the  
same hour and place above named.

FRANK P. KING,  
Deputy Sheriff.

NEWPORT, R. I. The above advertised sale is hereby ad-  
journing to MONDAY, July 8, 1909, at the  
same hour and place above named.

FRANK P. KING,  
Deputy Sheriff.

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journing to THURSDAY, August 8, 1909, at the  
same hour and place above named.

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same hour and place above named.

FRANK P. KING,  
Deputy Sheriff.

NEWPORT, R. I. The above advertised sale is hereby ad-  
journing to THURSDAY, October 8, 1909, at the  
same hour and place above named.

FRANK P. KING,  
Deputy Sheriff.

NEWPORT, R. I. The above advertised sale is hereby ad-  
journing to MONDAY, November 8, 1909, at the  
same hour and place